THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LOVELY LAND.

Miss Banim Still Clings to Storied Wicklow, and Relates Her Pleasant Experiences.

A Ferocious Boniface and a Faithful Canine.

WICKLOW.

The very dogs in the village were friendly. There was one immense fellow who settled in his own mind that we were just the companions he liked for a good walk, so he joined us daily until the friendship was found out by his owner. Now, the owner happened to be the proprietor of one of the hotels, and mightily jealous of city people going to lodge at a farmer's instead of putting up at the hotel; so poor Rover got a severe thrashing for his stolen walks. This coming to our ears, we determined he should get no more beatings on our account, and, accordingly, the next time he came bounding after us he was ordered home, a gate we were going through at the time shut firmly against him, and we mounted a high hill, seeing that Rover, after looking at us through the bars of the gate, ran off home. Sorry enough for the loss of our friend we climbed slowly to the top of the hill; there, at the summit, lying down flat, his tail wagging, his nose on his paws and positively a laugh of amusement on his face, was Rover, waiting to receive us. He had taken in the whole business, went home soberly to his hotel, walked in through the front door, got quietly through the house, out by the back door to the garden, and then scampered—by some short cut of his own—up the rising grounds at the rear, to where he knew we must shortly arrive. I would not positively say we did not hug him, yet we were sorry to think of what was in store for the poor brute once the excursion was over. But Rover had thought it all out, and on our return, as we reached the spot where he had joined us, he barked out his adieu, whisked around us two or three times, and away with him home again the back way. And as we passed the front door of the house, there sat Rover, quite innocent of all acquaintance with people who could put up at a farm. From that out he had his walks, but no beatings.

Of all the village folk we most admired the then proprietress of the other hotel—I mean the hotel not owned by Rover—Miss ——, of uncertain age, but certain and decided ways and manners. A tall, slight lady, wearing invariably a short velvet jacket, a sort of Spanish sombrero with a gauze veil floating gracefully on the breeze; little whip in one hand, the other hand set jauntily on her hip, she came along airily, always reminding one more of a gay cavalier than of anything else, and "The Gay Cavalier" we always called her. Miss —— disdained the aid of a man for either hotel-keeping or farming, and drove her jaunting car as if she were seated on the box of a four-in-hand. Her "butler," as the villagers called him, was a beautiful specimen of a young scamp. Always in mischief; setting the dogs to fight or hunt the cats up the trees when he should be cleaning boots or knives; riding the donkey when he ought to be fetching letters from the post; poaching in the river when supposed to be weeding the garden. In fact, as queer a "butler" as was ever seen or heard of. A round-faced, snub nosed youth, who wore a brown coat down to his heels, but would not get into boots or stockings. Who it was that christened him the "butler" no one knew, but so everyone named him. Miss —— called him "Boots."

Often when returning tired out after a long walk to visit some spot unknown to tourists who go by rule and measure, we met

"MICHAEL ANGELO,"

the carman of all the carmen in the whole district, and called Michael Angelo by some traveler who was, no doubt, struck by the eloquent word-painting of the Rathnew jarvey. There is not a man in Blarney who can surpass our Wicklow friend in description or in cajoling you into just doing and thinking whatever he likes best.

Taking a drive one day, we found ourselves having what is described in travelers' tales as a camel ride; a motion made up of a lurch, a swing, and a heave. Pondering over the novel sensation, we found that we were on an uncommonly high-built car, yoked to an uncommonly low-built hack. Michael was not long in noticing our discomfort, and turned all his attention to "that wild baste of a mare." "Steady, there, lass! Oh, bud she's so sperrited. But ye need never fear, she won't run away!" "Indeed, Michael, I don't see much danger of the mare's running away, but I am afraid of flying off myself. Why do you have such a high built car?" "High car, is it?—sure it's built entirely a purpose for the ladies (God bless them) to see the counthry. Where in the world would be the use of a car low down for the ladies, when they'd see nothing going along but the hedges on each side an' a strip of blue sky above. Shure, if they wanted to see the beautifulest blue under heaven they'd only have to look in the glass and not come dhrive at all. Do you see that big, ould house beyond there? That"—and, having made us look round to his side, gives a shrewd glance from one to the other, and finds that we have not blue eyes—"that house is haunted, aye, troth. But as we wor talking of blue eyes—them's not the best eyes to see the country. It's grey eyes that sees the most and the farthest and the straightest, and that changes best with the thoughts that is behind them. I have that from an artist I druv one day to Glendalough. 'If,' says he, 'I was looking for all the best marks men in the place, I'd pick out all the men with grey eyes;' and ov coorse," goes on Michael, "if grey eyed men can shoot wel, so can ladies, only it's not bulla'-eyes them wastes their time on. No, faith!"

THE PARISH PRIEST'S MISTAKE.

"Th.t's his reverence the parish priest's car. And a grander man or finer preacher there's not in all Ireland. Not a one can come up to him at all at all. His reverence wouldn't be so easily caught as the parish priest who was in it when I was a boy—God rest his soul, for a kind, good man he was. The Docther, you see, was preachin', and he took for his sermon our Lord's miracle of the loaves and fishes. But, somehow, his reverence made a slip of the tongue, and, in place of saying what was right, he said Our Lord fed seven people with five thousand loaves and a great multitude of fishes. Paddy the Fool was listening in the body of the chapel, and 'musha,' says he, half aloud, 'musha, I could do that myself.' Faith, the congregation near him couldn't but laugh, and the priest noticed it and made inquiries after mass. When he heard how it was, 'Oh!' says he, 'I'll be even with Paddy yet!' Well, the next Sunday come, and the Docther preached again, taking the self same text, but this time he made no mistakes. 'Now, Paddy,' says he, 'could you do that?' 'Begor an' I could, your reverence, says Paddy. 'How so?' asks the priest, and he got very red. 'Musha, faix, with the remains of last Sunday, your reverence.' Well begor," continued the storyteller, 'only for the holy place was in it, and the congregation not liking to vex the good father, I'm afeard there'd have been no end of laughin'. Anyhow, there was no sermon that day. Good morrow, Mary" (to a young country girl passing). "Why, then, isn't that the brother I see following you there?" "Aye, indeed," answers Mary, taking the time honored jest good humoredly, and glancing at a fine young donkey behind—"and a good looking chap he is, like all the family."

The real name "on" our favorite carman was Michael Bane; he was (and I hope is) any day and every day to be found at the Rathnew station, and tourists could find no more amusing guide through this part of Wicklow.

IN THE HOLY LAND—GLENDALOUGH.

A visitor for Glendalough can choose between many roads. He may go across the country from Bray, and so take in many beautiful scenes; he can leave the train at Rathnew and drive with Michael Angelo Bane through the Bessana road, on by Newrath bridge, and through Ashford; or, if he desire the quickest route, he will go by train to Rathdrum, and there take a car for the seven miles that lie between Rathdrum and Glendalough. At the railway station it is easy to get share of a car—which costs but a trifle—or a vehicle for the entire day, from 9:30 in the morning till just 9 at night, will be but six or seven shillings; and if anyone chances on as kind and obliging a driver as we happened upon one brilliant May morning they will think the day's car hire very cheap, and doubly enjoy the charming drive in the fresh morning that is but the prelude to a day amid scenes of exquisite beauty and of intense interest to all who love to study those happiest times of Irish story—those of the early Christian era. In the village of Rathdrum there is little to notice, unless it be to speculate as to where so many people of the name of Saul can have come from, or else to wonder how it is that, when building houses in the midst of lovely scenery, it should not have occurred to whoever contracted for the town that a slightly picturesque style of house, a gable or so, might not be more in keeping with the surroundings, and just as cheap. The Rathdrum houses are eminently ugly and commonplace, with nature's beautiful peaks and curves and graceful irregularities within sight on every hand.

Truly, I do not think there is anything to surpass a May morning drive through our fresh emerald vales and mountain roads. The way to Glendalough lies, now high above the wooded gorge, now it runs under an avenue of oaks that interlace overhead, the early sun showing the light texture and delicate green of the young leaves, and all the while the voice of the Avonmore is heard, deep down among the trees of the ravine below; again, the road emerges into the open, where the vale of Clara smiles, fresh and bright, beneath a hill that is such a glorious blaze of yellow furze bloom that no one, seeing it in early summer, would ever remember it by any name but that of the Golden Hill.

The centre of the Vale of Clara is a pretty picture, just where the bridge crosses the Avonmore, whose voice, as its waters fall over the ledge of stones, comes up to the road high above. Beyond the bridge, a mass of trees hides the river for a space, then it re-appears winding through the valley, to be again lost where the mountains close in — Derrybawn, Broccagh, Camaderry, Lugduff—intermingling so gracefully that only to watch their varying forms and lights is delight enough for one drive, even were the eyes not charmed by the lovely fresh foliage, the ferns and flowers, and the pretty model cottages built at intervals along the road by Lord Meath, who is owner of part of the country we are passing through. The pity is, even in the Garden of Ireland, to see so few cottages and cottagers—one wants to see life—human life made peaceful and happy, to perfect these scenes.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Events of Interest to the Church in Rome, Ireland and Elsewhere.

The Cheyenne-Omaha Diocesan Union Matter not yet Settled.

FROM IRELAND.

DIOCESE OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN.

The Rev. T. Tynan, P.P., Leighlinbridge, has been transferred to the pastoral charge of the important parish of Newbridge, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. M. Nowlan, P.P.

The Month's Memory office for the late Rev. M. Nowlan, P.P., took place at Newbridge on July 10.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, in presenting prizes to the pupils of the Sacred Heart College, Limerick, referred to the educational inequalities Catholics are subjected to in Ireland. He thought that the university question should be dealt with by the present parliament, and not left over for an Irish parliament, which would have quite enough trouble to face.

MORE CONVERSIONS.

Further conversions of Protestants are reported from Cork. Twelve more of the Rev. Mr. Hopley's flock have seceded, and there is every probability, if the religious exodus continues, that the rector's occupation will be gone and his congregation reduced to the numerical dimensions of that *pusillus grex* mentioned by Swift which consisted of the parson and the sexton. Time was, in the old ascendancy days, when "the establishment" flourished like the green bay tree, before the grand old woodsman of Hawarden laid his axe to the root—"and great was the fall thereof!"—when it mattered little to the parson whether his congregation was large or small; he was sure of the loaves and the fishes. But now that the Protestant party have to put their hands in their pockets to keep it up, they must get some value for their money and see that the clergy work. It must, therefore, have caused Mr. Hopley some trepidation on Sunday when he heard that another batch of his people went to mass at Ballinaskea church and publicly abjured the Protestant religion. Father O'Driscoll, of Schull, who celebrated mass, in a feeling and forcible address to the congregation, pointed out the loss they had sustained in having their beloved and self-sacrificing priest torn from them and exhorted them to stand firm by Father Crowley's teaching to break no law, but act firmly and constitutionally, and keep the flag flying. Father Crowley is at present an inmate of Cork county jail, in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

COMPENSATION.

The Irish bishops received $102,500 each, and 2 223 vicars and curates received $37,880,000, or nearly $20,000 each as compensation when the Irish Church was disestablished.

RIGHT REV. LOUIS CAREW.

Among the passengers landed at Queenstown from the Guion liner Arizona, on her recent trip from New York, was the Right Rev. Louis Carew, abbot of New Melleray, Iowa, formerly prior of Mount Melleray Abbey, Cappoquin.

ENROLLED IN THE T. A. A.

Between 500 and 600 children were enrolled in the Total Abstinence Association established in Maryborough, Queen's county, in accordance with the directions of Archbishop Walsh and the bishops of the province of Leinster. The Very Rev. A. Phelan, P.P., V.F., administered the pledge and distributed the medals and badges, having previously addressed the children.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The quarterly meeting of St. Patrick's Catholic Young Men's Society was held recently in Dundalk. The Rev. Father Fagan, C.C., presided. The reports showed that a large number of new members had been enrolled during the quarter, bringing the numerical strength of the society up to 218 active and 117 honorary members. The annual excursion is to take place on July 13 to Mellifont Abbey and Monasterboice.

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION.

The ceremony of profession and reception took place recently at St Brigid's Convent, Tullow, county Carlow. The ladies professed were Sister M. Joseph Luzerian Kerr and Sister M. Dympna Morrissey (lay sister); and those received were Miss Storey, called in religion Sister M. Berchmans Joseph; Miss Barron, now Sister Mary Joseph; and Miss Synan, now Sister Mary Joseph Michael. The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, bishop of Kildare and Leighton, presided at the ceremonies and the Rev. T. O'Neill, Adm., Tullow, celebrated the professional mass.

The Most Rev. Dr. Gilhooly, accompanied by Very Rev. R. McLoughlin, Adm., V.F., Very Rev. John Corcoran, president, Sligo College, and several of the presbytery and college priests, visited Bundoran during the past week.

The Total Abstinance Association has taken very successfully in Castlecomer, county Kilkenny, upwards of 1,600 of the parishioners being enrolled members. On Sunday there was a public procession through the streets of Castlecomer of all the members, accompanied by the two bands of the town.

The Dominican Fathers have given a very successful mission in Omagh. They were assisted by the Very Rev. Father McNamee, his curates, and the neighboring clergy. The order was represented by the Provincial Very Rev. T. J. Smyth, O.P., and by the Fathers Coveney and Bannon, O.P.

On Monday about a thousand members of the Holy Cross Society, Mullingar, made the famous well of Tubbernalt, on the banks of Lough Gill, the scene of their annual picnic. The excursion party was in charge of the Rev. C. O'Reilly, C.C., Mullingar, and were accompanied by a splendid brass band.

In the diocese of Cork the Rev. M. Murray, P. P., Douglas, has been appointed canon, and Rev. Mr. O'Driscoll, Chaplain of Schull workhouse, has been appointed to succeed Rev. Mr. Crowley, now undergoing a term of imprisonment.

FROM ROME.

THE SEE OF OMAHA.

The news was given two weeks ago anent the intended junction of the neighboring Sees of Omaha and Cheyenne under Bishop Burke was somewhat premature, inasmuch as it will be some time before the matter will be finally decided by the Holy See. According to the last Baltimore council when a bishop, whose name has not been sent in among the three chosen by the bishops of the Province, proposed by the Propaganda, the proposal has to be re-submitted to the bishops of the Province before getting the confirmation of the Pope definitely. For this reason the project of re uniting the dioceses of Omaha and Cheyenne under Bishop Burke has been submitted to the consideration of the bishops of the Province of St. Louis. The See of Cheyenne belongs to the Province of St. Paul, with Archbishop Ireland as metropolitan. The answer of the bishops of the Province of St. Louis is not expected here before October, when Bishop Burke, who has just started for northern Italy, Oberammergau, etc., will return to Rome.

THE REV. DR. ROWLETT,

of the Accademia Ecclesiastica, who accompanied Mgr. Satolli to America when sent by the Pope as apostolic delegate to the Baltimore Catholic Congress and the solemn inauguration of the Washington Catholic University, has been made a Monsignor of the second order.

The Holy Father has chosen the Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, secretary of the archbishop of New York, to be one of his private chamberlains, with the title of Monsignor.

IN CHICAGO.

THE FEAST OF ST. VINCENT.

The feast of St. Vincent was celebrated in all Catholic churches last Sunday. At St. Vincent's church, corner of Webster avenue and Osgood street, special services were held. The Rev. Father McDermott, C. M., of St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, preached an eloquent sermon, taking as a theme for his discourse the virtue of self denial.

A NEW CHURCH.

A new church has been commenced at Lawndale, corner of Central avenue and Twenty second street. It is to be called the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and will be in charge of the Rev. Father Henneberry, of St. Pius' Church.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new Polish church will be built on the corner of Little and Twenty-second streets.

The Jesuit school on the North Side, which was established a few years ago, is permanently closed.

The Rev. D. J. Crimmins, recently ordained, will take the place of Father Clancy, at Woodstock, during the latter's absence in Europe.

The Rev. Father Masterson, S. J., formerly of this city, and now stationed at Osage Mission, Kan., is here on a visit with his parents.

The Rev. Father O'Malley, of Scranton, Pa., the Revs. S. Gwynne and Fred F. Stapleton, of Baltimore, J. Cusick, of Cincinnati, were in the city last week.

The Rev. Father Sweere, S.J., of the Sacred Heart parish, left for Fort Smith, Arkansas, to begin a retreat to the Sisters of Mercy at that place.

The Rev. Father Conway, of the St. Louis University, and the Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, of Creighton College, Omaha, were guests at St. Ignatius College recently.

The Rev. Father Von Gorp, S. J., business manager of the Jesuit missions of the Rocky Mountain Indian tribes, was in the city last week on his way to Washington.

A Religious Critic.

[*New York Independent.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac." By John F. Finerty. This is a well printed volume of 460 pages, in which Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well. The volume contains many good portraits of the officers who managed and fought the Sioux campaigns, as well as pictures of the leading Indian warriors.

Don't be discouraged about the eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the complaint for George S. Thomas, of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

MUSING ON WAR.

Eleanor Kirk Thinks that America Would Never have Amounted to so Much Only for Her Fighting Qualities.

A Treatise on Growling Husbands and Griped Infants.

WATCH HILL, R.I., July 21.—In a some what acrid manner a correspondent finds fault with my advice to women concerning the management of their spirits. "The serenity that is forced," she writes, "is but a pitiful counterfeit of the genuine article, and in my opinion, the effect of being cross and showing it, is much more favorable to life and health, than the constant endeavor to appear what one is not."

My friend's letter is long, charmingly written and very interesting, but the reasoning is specious, and most of her conclusions are drawn from incorrect premises. As I folded the communication to think it over, my eyes wandered from the piazza of the Ocean House, where I had been examining my morning's mail, across the bay of Little Narragansett, to the historic town of Stonington, surrounded by sparkling water, dotted with green trees, and canopied with blue and white. My thoughts went back to the war of the Revolution, and I wondered how different this spot would have been if the peace or liberty, which our country enjoys to-day, had not been fought for. It was not easy to imagine the scene of that morning when Stonington and Westerly sent their men to defend the coast, nor the terror which must have filled the hearts of the inhabitants. The peace of this beautiful morning "passeth understanding," and how much of it is due to war?

A rough voice just back of my rocker recalled me to the piazza. "I have been one half hour hunting for my whisk broom," it sain, "and I think it perfectly outrageous that you can't make Christine put things where she finds them. This performance has just knocked me out for the whole day."

I knew this voice came from the lungs of a man who was blowing his wife. The word "blowing" in this connection is not intended for slang, but is simply used to carry out the metaphor. There is a subtle something, as inexplicable as it is aggravating, in the husbandly tone on such occasions. You could no more mistake it for a brother's or a father's or a friend's, than you could mistake ice cream for hot bouillion. Oh, I did so hope that the wife would keep her mouth shut till she recovered from the effect of this marital breeze, but she didn't. She opened it wide, and her voice sounded like the voice of a child just getting its breath after a spanking. "You blame Christine for everything," was the trembling response, "and I expect every day she'll leave me. I supposed it was John's business to see to your things."

"I don't suppose it is your business to see to anything," the husband made answer. An ominous clearing of the throat followed this remark, then a chair was moved hastily back, and then came the quick patter of French heels. The wife had sought the solitude of her apartments to give vent to her anger and heartache. Here was a day at least spoiled for husband and wife, and all for a whisk-broom.

This husband was certainly a very foolish and undisciplined fellow, but I am not preaching much to men as a rule. My call is to women, and I want them to rise superior to whisk brooms. If this wife could have allowed her companion to blow his blast without interruption, she would have achieved a victory which would have made conditions more endurable ever afterward. In saying this I do not lose sight of the fact of the previous inharmony which made this piazza fracas a possibility, but it is quite probable that a proper dignity and determination on the part of the wife in the commencement of married life would have shamed the husband into a disregard of trifles. If she had not noticed his growling, he would have ceased to growl. To my way of thinking, the peace which would have followed such a disciplinary process would have been worth fighting for.

Among other letters which I opened on this occasion was one from a distinguished Brooklyn physician, begging me to do all I can to make mothers realize the danger of administering cathartic doses to children for the cure of constipation. I have this moment had an opportunity of making such advice practical. A little girl two years old had just come out of a frightful convulsion induced by this cause, and the terrified mother was sending post haste for senna and salts. I prescribed the unmedicated glycerine suppositories, so strongly recommended by all humane and able doctors, and the result was wonderful. This case, as are most others, was a simple impactment of the lower bowel and needed the simplest of local treatment. "Tell your readers," wrote the physician, "under no circumstances to use suppositories that are medicated, for these are almost as dangerous as cathartic doses." For infants, it is only necessary to make these suppositories a little smaller by scraping. Sometimes this condition is intensified by change of air and food, and especially by the strong air of the seashore. The remedy will be found equally beneficial for children and adults.

I went down to the little boat that conveys passengers from the steamboat wharf in Stonington to Watch Hill, a charming sail of half an hour. There were many arrivals from New York and Philadelphia. The Stonington Line is the only convenient way of reaching Narragansett Pier, Watch Hill, Noyes Beach, and many other shore resorts. This line allows its passengers a night's rest and trains at 7 o'clock in the morning and after, convey passengers to the pier and other points. The Providence line to Providence and all points east, including the White Mountains, affords the tourist a beautiful night and early morning sail. The steamers "Connecticut" and "Massachusetts" are fitted up with every modern appliance, steered by steam and lighted by electricity. The diningrooms on both these steamers are situated on the quarter deck aft, thus insuring not only good air, but a constant view from all points of the grand scenery of Long Island Sound. Mr. W. H. Babcock, the assistant passenger agent of this line, edits and publishes a very able programme which contains every possible information. I think he would send this paper to all those who wish further particulars.

To rid myself of the influence thrown upon me by the cross man and the woman who could not hold her tongue, I went still a little farther, and called upon "the girls" at their cottage. Here was a camera in full blast, a Remington typewriter clicking away in true professional style with a stenographer dictating, a buggy at the door waiting to take copy to the Westerly postoffice, and a Vassar graduate making clam pates and cream pies in the kitchen. These were sights to make the eyes of a believer in woman's suffrage dance with delight. The scene was a cottage not far from Noyes beach, and when I add that even the driver of the spirited little mare at the door was a woman, my readers can imagine something of my feelings. I sat on the piazza till the buggy started, and then had a nice womanly talk about light dresses and the newest styles in seashore boots, looked at some pretty sketches by a water color artist—another artist by the way—and then sat down to the Vassar dinner. These girls all love to work, all make as much money as their brothers, and do not find it necessary or profitable to give up all their summer to play.

ELEANOR KIRK.

A HISTORICAL REVIEW.

[*Magazine of Western History, New York.*]

This contribution to the history of the long struggle between the white man and the red man, upon that ever-narrowing strip between the civilization of the Atlantic coast and that of the Pacific coast gives the story of one of the most exciting and important of the campaigns in that not yet ended war. It is an account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, as told by a trained man of letters who was upon the ground, and who had the amplest facilities for gaining the information here set down. In the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Finerty accompanied Gen. Crook's command in the expedition against the Sioux Indians in 1876 and shared all the hardships and perils of that famous campaign. He was one of the handful of men who went on what has been known ever since as the "Sibley Scout," and who escaped a fate similar to that of Custer and his little army only through the coolness and wisdom of the guide and commanding officer. In 1879 Mr. Finerty also went with Gen. Miles on the campaign against Sitting Bull's warriors up near the Canadian border, and on that occasion he met the celebrated chief, was present at the council, and was invited to deliver an address which he did.

But the best indorsement of this work may be found in a glance at some portions of the great field of adventure which it covers. We are taken with Crook along the banks of the North Platte, and far into the wild regions watered by the Tongue, the Powder, the Rosebud, the Big Horn, and the Yellowstone rivers; the sudden Indian attack on Crook's camp and its speedy and spirited repulse; the pomp of the armed array of the Indian allies, who arrived previous to Crook's famous Battle of the Rosebud, which preceded, almost immediately, the world-renowned Custer Massacre of June 25, 1876: the exciting buffalo hunt participated in by the Crow and Shoshone tribes of Indians on both flanks of Crook's column, as it moved against the cohorts of Sitting Bull; the battle itself, with all its movements and fluctuations, and the scenes and incidents in the field and on the march; the retreat to the base of supplies, and the subsequent exploration of the beauteous Big Horn Mountain region; the romantic and terrible Sibley Scout, one of the most exciting incidents of all our Indian wars; Custer's bold attack on an Indian village four miles long, and his death, with all of his immediate command, on the bluffs of the Little Big Horn; Merritt's able movement and brilliant fight upon War Bonnet Creek; the juncture of the forces under Crook and Terry, with the awful cross march to the Yellowstone and the Little Missouri; the picturesque fighting at Slim Buttes, and the subsequent march to the Black Hills; Mackenzie's battle with Dull Knife, and his victory, and the surrender of Crazy Horse; the treachery and tragical death of that renowned chief. We then follow the fortunes of Gen. Miles, through the campaigns that have made him famous as an Indian fighter; his battle with and victory over Lame Deer and other chiefs; his bloody battle with Chief Joseph and the Nez Perces at Bear's Paw Mountain, while the brave and enterprising savages were en route to join the Sioux; and the surrender of Chief Joseph with all his tribe; Miles' final campaign against Sitting Bull, which brought him to the British line, and which, after a brilliant fight on Milk river, put an end forever to the long held power of the great Sioux chief. These exciting episodes are followed by several chapters upon special themes, among which may be found sketches of Custer and Crook, and events having a bearing upon the general theme discussed. The book is illustrated, and upon the whole is one of the best of all the books written upon the Indian troubles of modern days.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BOUND AGAIN.

When the doctor had left the hotel, Kevin and Charley relocked themselves into the room.

"That was rather a surprise—wasn't it Kevin?" said the latter, drawing the curtains closely across the window. "Who was he?"

"The prison doctor."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At Plymouth, afterwards at Paris," said Kevin proceedeng to narrate the circumstances in a few words.

"You can depend upon him?"

"Not to tell?"

"Yes."

"I can, indeed. He has promised, and he would no more break his word under the circumstances, than you would, Charley, and that is saying everything. But what are we to do now? Where are we to go?"

"We must wait until the landlord comes. He should have been here long ago. There is some secret place here where he can stow you away until safer times. I wish he were here — confusion to him?"

"I wish he were—heavens knows!"

"If it were only to—. By the way, Kevin, do you feel hungry? I am ravenous."

"Not hungry," said Kevin, "but tired, weak—exhausted! It has been a trying day."

"You might swear that on all the bibles that ever were printed without the least danger of perjuring yourself, Kevin. It was trying enough on me. What must it have been for you?"

'Strange, I did not feel it so much until now. My mind was too much engaged to think much of my bodily sufferings. But I do feel weak and fainting almost."

"You look it, too."

"I don't know that I ever felt so thoroughly tired out, except the evening we walked into Plymouth."

"Well, Kevin, you must have something to eat, or drink, but how? We can not ring?"

"No, we cannot."

"No. It would be too dangerous. No one must come into the room—else who knows what might happen?"

"Of course," assented the escaped prisoner, as he threw himself wearily into a seat.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Kevin. It won't take me long to slip down to the bar. No one will see me, or if they do, no one will mind me, I'm in and out here often. I can go the back way. I'll get brandy or whisky or drink of some kind that will keep your strength up until you get something to eat."

"Take care; that might be dangerous," said Kevin, with sudden accession of fear.

"Not at all. Never fear, I'll make it all right. There is greater danger in leaving you in your present weak state, after the excitement and torture of the day, than in descending the stairs."

"Very well. If you think so, do."

"Turn the key in the door until I come. Don't admit anyone until I come. When you hear three separate knocks, open the door, Kevin, for that will be me."

"All right, Charley; don't be long."

"I won't," said Charley, turning the key noiselessly, "be a minute longer than I can help. There now! lock it after me."

And, so saying, Charley pulled the door after him, and descended the stairs with as little noise as he could. There were quite a number of people about the bar and in the adjoining rooms, as Charley knew by the clamor of voices when he had descended some steps.

"I won't go to the bar," he thought, as he paused on the stairs, "there are so many there I should be known and could not get away easily. I shall go to the kitchen and get one of the servants to get me the drink."

Wherefore, instead of turning into the bar he descended the stairs further and entered the kitchen.

"George," he whispered to a man standing there, with his back turned to him, "bring me in a bottle of brandy from the bar. Here's a sovereign, and be quick, like a good fellow, for—— Hallo! is this you?"

Charley's usually ready composure and self-possession were not proof against the surprise and exceeding start that were occasioned him, when the person addressed turning round to him, disclosed, not the features of the stableman to whom he thought he was speaking, but—the face of the steward at Grangemore!

With a violent effort he controlled himself.

"I did not expect to meet you here," he said, hastening to cover by conversation any perturbation that might manifest itself in his manner or looks, "but as we are here together, what do you say to having something to drink?"

"If you don't mind drinking with me," said the steward, with an air of one whose presence might not be acceptable.

"Why not?"

"Because of what I had to swear today."

"Oh, nonsense," said Charley, with considerable disturbance of mind, but with great appearance of frankness; "You couldn't help it, you know."

"No, I couldn't," assented the other humbly.

"And you told nothing but the truth?"

"No, not a word, upon my——"

"To be sure. Then who can blame you? But I would not remain too long here," added Charley with a happy thought; "there might be some about who would think differently. What are you going to drink?"

"A little whisky. Are you going home?"

"Not for a little while."

'Because if you were I would go with you."

"I have some calls to make about town—some purchases to make. Take off that drink," added Charley, as one of the servants attended with the refreshment, "for I am in a hurry, and must be off."

"I'll wait for you."

"No—no; don't. I may be a long time as I may not be able to suit myself readily in what I want. Besides, I wouldn't stay in the town too long if I were you—there might be some ugly customers from the country about. Good-bye."

"I say," said the steward, detaining him, "was not that a strange thing this evening?"

"Very; most extraordinary. Good-bye."

And with a hurried shake hands, as noisome and loathsome to the young fellow as if he had touched the hideous skin of a rattlesnake, he left the apartment, ascended to the hall and passed out into the street.

The control which he had exercised over himself in the presence of the steward, departed as he found himself in the thoroughfare. A rush of conflicting emotions came on his brain. What was he to do in presence of this unexpected and dangerous rencontre?

Without knowing well what to do, he walked away some distance to try and collect his thoughts. But the more he tried to form out some plan the more incoherent and disordered his mind seemed to grow. Almost without intending it, he turned into a public house and, providing himself with the needful stimulant, retraced his steps to the hotel.

The passage and lower rooms were still crowded with people, talking and drinking. He passed through them without noticing any, and, as far as he could see without being noticed by anyone, to which result he contributed not a little by pulling his hat over his eyes and so concealing his features. Once in the darkness and solitude of the stairs he quickly gained the door of the apartment in which the prisoner was secreted. The signal agreed on promptly secured his admittance.

"You have been a long time away, Charley," said Kevin. "Was there anything amiss?"

"No, nothing," said Charley, determining not to torment his friend with the vague anxieties that perplexed himself. "The bar was crowded, and I was delayed. Did anyone knock since?"

"No, no one."

"Well so much the better, Kevin, though that landlord should have turned up before now. I wonder what's keeping him?"

"What's that you have got?"

"Whisky, my dear fellow. What you need badly. Here, take some of it. Not often one passes through such a day as you have done."

"That puts new life in me," said Kevin, as he drank off the grateful stimulant. "I never needed anything so much. And now that we have a little time, tell me how you planned the rescue."

"It was Harry Canavan's planning," said Charley, as taking the tumbler from his friend's hand he filled a measure for himself, and forthwith proceeded to narrate the circumstances that occurred after his arrest.

"And so that's how it came about," said Kevin, when he had completed.

"That," said Charley, finishing the contents of his tumbler, "is how it came about, And well planned it was—wasn't it?"

"It was," said Kevin, absently. "That steward, Charley—McNab."

"Ay?" queried Charley.

"He must be a tremendous scoundrel."

"Scoundrel isn't half the name for him," said Charley. "There never stood on the soil of Westmeath before a viler thief. Never."

"He seems to be able to do whatever mischief he likes."

"Whatever mischief he likes," reiterated the other. "I tell you the man who stands, gun in hand, and blows his neighbor's brains out, or who stands, knife in hand, and drives it through his heart, is not half so foul a murderer as he."

"The law has no power over him."

"Law," said Charley, in tones of anger and disgust, "law indeed! The law will protect him—as far as it can, that is—but I have great doubts, Kevin, that the people are bound to let a man like that go scot free, working such evil through the country. A murderer could do no worse—are they bound to let a murderer go loose? A mad dog would not be as dangerous—are people bound to let mad dogs go loose? Take my word for it, Kevin, that let whoever likes say to the contrary——But! hush! Was that a rustle," asked the speaker, suddenly sinking his voice to a whisper, "I heard at the door?"

The serious manner of the whisper and the gravity of the occasion produced a pause.

"I heard nothing," said Kevin, in a whisper.

"I certainly thought I heard a movement at the door, as if some one were listening there."

"I hope not. That would be awful."

"See! Kevin; step noiselessly," said Charley in bated whisper, "into the wardrobe here. I shall open the door suddenly; and if there be anyone there, by the lord that made me!——"

Kevin stepped noiselessly, as he was directed, into the wardrobe, closed the door; and the moment after Charley turned the key with rapid twist, with one hand, and with the other pulled the door sharply open and stepped out.

There was no one there. To his inexpressible relief there was no one there. His over-anxiety or the vague uneasiness hanging over him made his ears susceptible to distant sounds. He was morbidly, unreasonably fearsome.

So he thought, and, so thinking, closed the door after him again, and silently relocked it.

"There was no one there, Kevin. You may come out. If there had been—but no matter," said Charley, as he thrust a something, that gleamed quite brightly in the darkness, into his breast; "it's just as well as it is."

"You sent a thrill through me," said Kevin.

"Small wonder. I wish we were out of this? Where is that confounded man? Oh, by the way, he comes at last. I hear his step on the stairs. That is he. I know his step," and acting on his words, Charley turned the key in the lock, opened the door, and admitted the welcome form of the landlord.

"What in the name of all that's tormenting! kept you?" said Charley. "What an evening you have given us! Here we have been sitting in the dark, surrounded with dangers, and thinking every minute an hour. What delayed you?"

"I couldn't come earlier."

"Why? Was there——"

"The truth is, Charley, I thought it would be dangerous."

"Dangerous!" said Charley, with a sudden and grave sinking of the voice. "Why dangerous? How dangerous?"

"I fancy I am suspected and watched!"

"Watched!"

"I may be wrong, but I think so. There are parties hanging around the bar——"

"I know," said Charley, with anxious corroboration.

"And I don't think they mean anything good."

"Do you think they suspect——"

"I am not sure, but I think they do. At any rate, I thought it rather dangerous to leave my place below sooner."

"Do you know," said Charley with sudden impulse, "I think it would be safer if I went homewards. Somebody may have seen me coming up some time since, and——"

"Were you down stairs since you came here?"

"I was."

"That was a dreadfully foolish thing," said the landlord with great gravity.

"It couldn't be helped."

"No matter, it was dangerous all the same. Did anyone see you?"

"I couldn't say."

"Be sure there did. The watchful eyes and ears around there—waiting for a look or a word—were sure to see you."

"What is to be done?"

"What you said just now. Go home at once. Your going will draw away suspicion. And as soon as you have left, I will take our friend, here, where it will be difficult to find him."

This course was adopted, in hurried conclave, as the wisest.

And, accordingly, with a light step, and as unconscious and careless an appearance as he could assume, Charley descended the stairs, mingled unobserved with the people in the bar, had a drink, and with as little delay as he could conveniently make, took his way homeward, a cloud of discomfort and uneasiness hanging around him which he failed to banish.

Meantime, the landlord and Kevin chatted on various topics, until such time as Charley might have, by his appearance, dispelled all suspicion. It was by no means a pleasant conversation, nor one in which either was much at his ease; and Kevin, for one, was extremely glad when the landlord said—

"I think we may leave now. There is a comfortable room prepared for you where you may have your dinner, and where all the soldiers in Athlone will fail to find you. Follow me."

Kevin left the room with him. The former ascended the stairs and the latter followed him. The former stood at what appeared to be an angle of the wall, and fumbled for some time.

Why, Kevin was puzzled to know.

"This is the door," the hotel keeper whispered in explanation; "but hang it! I cannot get the lock to turn. It has been so long unused that it is stiff. But I shall make it——"

"Help! help! — the prisoner! — the escaped prisoner! He's here!" rang as loud as the utterer could cry it adown the stairs.

Kevin knew at once the voice. The supreme moment had come! The touch of the serpent was on him!

Wheeling suddenly around, he broke the grasp of the steward! and dealing him a blow on the face, rendered powerful in its strength by the consciousness of danger and the immensity of the peril that encompassed him, hurled him backward down the stairs.

"Follow me!—follow me, Kevin!—upstairs, further up! out on the roof," cried the landlord; and, much bewildered by the intricacies of the way and the darkness, Kevin, in hurried haste, endeavored to follow him.

He had only got a few stumbling steps in his upward retreat, when he found himself once more grasped by the legs and thrown.

"Help! help!—the escaped prisoner. Help!—help!—Soldiers?—here, here!"

Kevin was powerless to shake off this time the tiger grasp that clutched him.

Even if he could it were useless.

The tread of many men ascending the stairs in confused haste, and the clank and clashing of arms, told him that hope of escape was over.

"Who is this?" asked the sergeant ascending.

"This is he," said the steward, "the rescued prisoner."

"So it is," said the officer as he turned the rays of his bull's eye on him. "So it is. What a lucky capture. Handcuff him, men. What a place he chose to hide! Be quick, men!"

The handcuffing was soon over; and while Charley was yet less than half way on his homeward route, Kevin was descending the stairs, for the third time a prisoner, and this time with no chance for life or freedom in this world before him.

Hope for him was gone, as certainly as if he were drowning in mid ocean with hundreds of leagues between him and living being—as surely as if he were in a den with ravenous lions around him.

A cab was passing the hotel. Hailing it—the sergeant and his prisoner and three men with loaded muskets, at half cock, entered therein; the vehicle drove rapidly along; the rest of the soldiers, with shouldered muskets, ran beside or behind it. And in this strange manner the prisoner once more passed under the archway into the barrack yard, and thence to the guard room, there to await further orders for reconsignment to his former cell.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAELIC POETRY.

The Rising of the Moon.—A. D. 1798.

BY JOHN K. CASEY ("LEO.")

I

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush, 'mo bhouchail,' hush and listen,"
And his cheeks were all aglow;
"I bear orders from the Captain,
Get you ready, quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon."

Chorus—At the rising of the moon,
At the rising of the moon;
For the Pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon.

II

'Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to be?"
"In the old spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me.
One word more—for signal token,
Whistle up the marching tune,—
With your pike upon your shoulder
By the rising of the moon."

Chorus—At the rising of the moon,
At the rising of the moon;
For the pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon.

III

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching through that night;
Many a manly heart was throbbing
For the blessed warning light.
Murmur's paused along the valley,
Like the "banshee's" lonely croun;
And a thousand blades were flashing
In the rising of the moon.

Chorus—At the rising of the moon,
At the rising of the moon;
For the pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon.

IV

There, beside the singing river
That dark mass of men was seen;
High above their shining weapons
Floats their own beloved "Green."
"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! strike the marching tune!
And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom!
'Tis the rising of the moon.

Chorus—At the rising of the moon,
At the rising of the moon;
For the pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon.

V

Well, they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate;
(Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of "Ninety-eight!"
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the moon!

Chorus—At the rising of the moon,
At the rising of the moon;
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the moon.

[Irish translation will appear next week.]

WOMEN OF IRELAND

Present Mrs. William O'Brien With a Complete Set of Household Linen.

The presentation of the wedding present from the women of Ireland to Mrs. O'Brien was made at Dr. Kenny's residence, Rutland square. Among those present were the following members of the ladies' committee: Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. William Murphy and Miss Murphy, Mrs. Ann Sullivan, Mrs. T. D. Sullivan and Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Bolger, Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Delany, Miss Byrne, Mrs. J. F. O'Hea, Mrs. E. Byrne, Miss Fottrell, Mrs. Leamy, Miss Bradley, Mrs. V. B. Dillon, Mrs. T. M. Healy, Mrs. Mead, Mrs. Ennis, Mrs. Altman, Miss Katherine Tynan, Mrs. H. J. Gill, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. M. F. Cox, Mrs. George Coffey, Mrs. T. L. O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Fottrell, Miss M. E. Kenny, Mrs. David Sheehy, and Mrs. Barry.

The presentation consisted of a complete set of household linen, specifically manufactured in Belfast to the order of the ladies' committee, and supplied by Messrs. Clery & Co., Dublin. All the articles were most beautifully finished, reflecting the greatest credit on the manufacturers, and showing the excellent taste of the ladies who selected the presentation. The monogram of the bride and bridegroom was on the various articles in a great variety of artistic and ingenious designs. The linen was inspected by the ladies present, and all were unanimous in their admiration of the beauty and finish of every single article. A very handsome Irish poplin quilt of St. Patrick's blue, covered with Irish lace and lined with pink Irish poplin, also formed part of the wedding gift, and was supplied by Mrs. Fielding.

Mrs. A. M. Sullivan read the following address:

"DEAR MRS. O'BRIEN: We, to whom Mr. O'Brien is so much endeared, bid you, his wife, a cead mile failthe. Mr. O'Brien has spent the best years of his life struggling for our nationality, and in heroic endeavors to preserve untouched the homes of the people. For them he has endured unparalleled sufferings, indignities and hardships. Little wonder, then, that his countrywomen should be solicitous for his welfare and happiness, and rejoiced that he has found in you one who will inspire him to further exertions, and support him in these trials which he may yet have to endure before the goal for which he is striving will have been reached. And apart from the welcome which we so gladly accord you owing to our affection for your husband, you yourself have won our regard by the practical sympathy which you have in so many ways manifested towards our country. For your own sake and for the sake of your husband we wish you both many years of happiness, and hope for the time for which your husband has so nobly fought, a time of peace and prosperity for you and the land of your adoption.

"Signed on behalf of the women of Ireland, MARGARET E. KENNEDY,
Lady Mayoress."

Mrs. O'Brien, in acknowledging the address, said:

"My Dear Countrywomen—Your kindness has been so overpowering that I am unable to find words expressing all the gratitude I feel; and it would be almost painful to know myself so little worthy of all your affectionate expressions were it not for the knowledge that your cordial greeting is due to your love for my dear husband, and that it is for his sake you have made me feel so welcome in his country—which it will henceforth be my privilege to claim as my own also—and which I love so dearly that even your great kindness can scarcely make me love Ireland more. Accept this very imperfect expression of thanks, which I offer you from a very full heart, for your lovely gift, the product of Irish skill, precious by its rare beauty and exquisite taste, and more precious as a touching proof of your affection for William O'Brien."

The visitors were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Kenny.

LAKE EXCURSIONS

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich.,

on the elegant new steel side-wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. R. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2038 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 295 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 383 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 880 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2264 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a.m; high mass at 10:30 a.m; vespers at 7:30 p.m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tirbe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

HOLOCAUST AT QUEBEC.

Seven Persons Roasted in a Burning Building.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY EXTERMINATED.

The Blaze Started in a Bar Room and It Was Not Known That Any One Had Perished Until After the Fire Was Over—Terrible Plunge of a Railway Train in New Mexico—Several Drowning Accidents—Miscellaneous Mishaps.

QUEBEC, Can., July 17.—At 2 o'clock Thursday morning fire was discovered in a bar room on St. Joseph street, owned by Deleamere & Oolette. The flames made such rapid progress that the whole house was soon ablaze. The fire brigade arrived promptly and bent its energies to saving the surrounding property, unaware that the occupants of the upper part of the burning house were roasting to death. It was only after the flames had been extinguished that they came in sight of the bodies of a family of five persons who had perished. The family consisted of Pierre Miranda, his wife and three children, who had lately returned from the states intending to settle in their native city, where they had found employment. Two sailors belonging to the Mary Jane, of Halifax, who were in a drunken stupor, were unable to escape, and also perished in the flames.

PROBABLY A HORRIBLE CRIME.

It Now Looks as Though the Quebec Victims Were Murdered.

QUEBEC, Can., July 21.—It is now believed that the five victims of Friday morning's fire above De Lamarre's tavern were the victims of a horrible murder. Pierre Maranda, father of the family, who arrived here a few days ago from Worcester, Mass., to take his family to his new home in Massachusetts, is said to have had $1,600 in his possession. Rumor is current that Maranda, his wife and three children were murdered before the fire was started. Their charred remains were taken to St. Charles' cemetery Friday, but Saturday, in consequence of the current rumors, Drs. Lavere and Boldue were sent to the charnel house to make a post-mortem examination.

Sensational Testimony.

Elie Dufour, a 16-year-old boy, swore at the coroner's inquest Saturday that about a fortnight ago De Lamarre, in whose tavern the fire originated, and who is now a prisoner by order of the coroner, offered him $5 to set fire to the house and $10 if he succeeded in burning it, giving him minute instructions where to find matches, etc. A tremendous sensation was caused by this evidence and the inquest was immediately adjourned until Tuesday. De Lamarre was heavily insured.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Terrible and Fatal Trip on a Railway in New Mexico.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 17.—A frightful freight wreck occurred on the Glorietta mountains, near Lamy Station, early Wednesday morning. A train consisting of twelve double-decked cars, loaded with hogs, was going to Mexico, and became unmanageable. The engineer applied the air brakes, but still the train flew down the mountain grades at a fearful rate.

The Crash Comes at a Curve.

Coming to a curve the engine jumped the track, and the whole train followed, the cars piling one upon another. Fireman Daley was mangled and torn to pieces. A brakeman, whose name could not be learned, was caught under the wreck and crushed. The engineer was seriously hurt, and it is feared that he will die. Several stockmen, it is reported, were badly injured. A large ravine was packed full of pork.

Caught Fire in Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, July 17.—The tug Mollie Spencer, of Port Huron, engaged in carrying water pipe from South Chicago to Evanston, caught fire about three miles from shore off Sixtieth street Wednesday. The crew fearing the vessel would be burned deserted her, but soon put back to their craft, the fire having died down as suddenly as it broke out. The scow was taken in tow by a tug and brought to the Chicago harbor. The fire was caused by an explosion of some kind.

Naphtha on Board the Tioga.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Oil Inspector Crain has discovered that naphtha was shipped under a false bill of lading from Buffalo on the steamer Tioga, and in all probability it was that explosive fluid that caused the death-dealing disaster last Friday night. There were several hundred barrels of refined oil in the hold that had been shipped by the Genesee Oil company, of Buffalo, and the naphtha was presumably smuggled in. This was a violation of the law.

All the Bodies Recovered.

LAKE CITY, Minn., July 17.—One body was found at Lake Pepin Thursday morning, that of a little girl named Rosie Rahder. The mayor of Red Wing sends an official list from which it appears that all of the bodies of the missing thus far reported have been recovered. The search parties have ceased their labors. Inspectors Yagger and Knapp are holding an investigation here relative to the disaster.

Drowned in Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, July 17.—The two yachts which left St. Joseph for Chicago Monday morning before the big blow, were found by the steamer Puritan in midlake Wednesday afternoon. Their occupants had been drowned in the storm. It is said that one of the boats was named the Sable and hailed from South Chicago.

An Old Man Burned to Death.

WINCHESTER, N. H., July 17.—The dwelling, barn and outhouses of L. E. Doolittle were burned Thursday morning. They were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle, an aged couple, and an old man named Wright. Mrs. Doolittle and Wright escaped, but Doolittle was burned to death.

Perished in the Flames.

NORWICH, Conn., July 17.—Two children between 4 and 5 years old, belonging to Timothy Sullivan and John Brull, of Colchester, set on fire the barn of Patrick McCarthy, on Gillett's hill, in that place, while playing with fire, and perished in the flames.

Grandfather and Grandchild Drowned.

TORONTO, Ont., July 17.—At Bolton village, on the Humber river, William Griffin and his grandson, Willie, aged 9 years, were drowned. The boy fell into the river from a raft and his grandfather went to his rescue. Both bodies were recovered.

Killed While Stopping a Runaway.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 17.—Daniel Kline, flagman at Boyersford for the Philadelphia and Reading road, attempted to stop a runaway team when he was knocked under a passing coal train and mangled to death. He leaves a family.

Drowned While Boating.

DENVER, Colo., July 17.—J. S. Jacobson and Mrs. John J. Huddart were drowned in Berkely lake by the overturning of their boat. Mr. Jacobsen was the business partner of Mr. Huddart, who is now in Salt Lake City.

Mistook His Father for a Burglar.

SPARTA, Ills., July 17.—John Jones was mistaken by his father, Jule Jones, of this city, for a burglar Monday night, and was shot and instantly killed.

Must Belong to the Church.

MILWAUKEE, Wis. July 19.—Rabbi Hecht's Jewish congregation here has taken an important step, which, it is said, is to be followed by all the Jewish churches in the country. According to the decision no Jewish rabbi hereafter will be allowed to perform any church service for any person who is not a member in good standing of some Jewish congregation. The order includes marriages, baptisms, funerals, and all other services performed by rabbis. It is claimed that persons who contribute nothing for the maintenance of churches take advantage of the rabbis when they die or want to get married. It is thought this new move will compel most Israelites to unite with some church.

Mill Hands on Strike.

WASHBURNE, Wis., July 19.—Over 500 men employed by the three mill companies at this place struck at noon Friday for a ten-hour day. They demand eleven hours pay for ten hours' work. This move has been contemplated for some time, the laborers having held several meetings, and Friday was appointed as the day to strike. The mill owners are willing to accede to the ten-hour day, but as lumber contracts made this spring were based upon the present scale of wages they refuse to grant eleven hours' pay for ten hours' work.

Some Boy's Careless Shooting.

TOLEDO, O., July 21.—Rosa A Henrolt, aged 4 years, died Sunday from the effects of a bullet in her brain. The post-mortem examination revealed a sixteen-grain bullet, such as are used in small rifles the boys use to shoot sparrows. She was found Thursday evening sitting in front of her father's house with the blood issuing from the wound. The coroner has ordered an investigation. There is no clue as to who did the shooting.

Chicago's Population.

CHICAGO, July 17.—The census books of the Chicago district have been verified and counted. Superintendent Gilbert has announced that the corrected returns show a population for the city of 1,101,263. This, he said, was not to be taken as as an official return. Still he believed it to be a count which would not be materially changed by the further revision of the books at Washington.

Director General of the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, July 19.—It seems to be the general desire of the world's fair local directors as well as of the national commission that A. T. Goshorn should be selected as director general of the world's fair, and it is believed that his selection will be officially brought about within a few weeks. It is thought the mayor of Chicago will veto the offensive lake front ordinance.

Shot for a Bear.

FARWELL, Mich., July 21.—John C. Lord shot and instantly killed Erastus J. Ferguson Sunday afternoon. Ferguson was picking huckleberries about eight miles west of here and Lord mistook him for a bear. Lord accompanied the body to this place and gave himself into custody. Ferguson was about 30 years old and leaves a wife and three small children.

Death of Mrs. Fargo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 19.—Mrs. F. F. Fargo died Saturday morning at the family mansion on Fargo avenue, after an illness of long duration. The deceased was the widow of the late William G. Fargo, the well-known express man. Some years ago she married F. F. Fargo, no relation, who was at one time well-known in California politics.

Farmers Boycott the Mills.

PARIS, Ills., July 19.—Trouble between the farmers and mill owners here and at Redman has been inaugurated. The Farmers' Mutual Benefit association has adopted a boycott against all the mills that require farmers to deposit their wheat at the market price, and when they draw out flour to take it at the then market price.

Ground to Death in a Stone Crusher.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 19.—Eugene Carroll, aged 5 years, was ground to death in a stone crusher on Highland avenue Friday. The lad, with others, had climbed on the machine just when it was being moved. He fell into the rolls and was crushed to death before the machine could be stopped.

Nearly Demolished the Town.

ERIE, Pa., July 19.—A hurricane struck the town of Girard, west of Erie, Thursday afternoon and came near demolishing the town. Scores of houses and barns were unroofed, and the Presbyterian church was almost destroyed. The people were terrorized. The damage to trees and farm property will be heavy.

Nominated for Governor.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 19.—The Hon. John P. Buchanan, a farmer and president of the State Farmers' alliance, was nominated for governor by acclamation by the Tennessee state Democratic convention Friday. Mr. Buchanan has served three terms in the legislature.

An Entire Family Poisoned.

RED OAK, Iowa, July 19.—G. Dennis, member of the city council, and his entire family were poisoned by eating canned fish. Physicians worked all night and saved their lives, but Mrs. Dennis is still seriously ill.

Fatal Kerosene Explosion.

BOSTON, Mass, July 19.—By an explosion of a kerosene stove at Three Rivers, Mrs. William Prairie was fatally injured, and Mrs. Henry Rivers was badly burned about the head and arms, and became insane.

GUATEMALANS BEATEN.

They Invade San Salvador but Are Routed Out.

WAR BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES

It Was Commenced Without the Usual Formality of a Declaration of Hostilities and the First Victory Resulted in Favor of San Salvador—The Guatemalans Outnumber the People of San Salvador, but the Latter Are Said To Be Better Armed.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 21.—The long-threatened war has broken out between Guatemala and Salvador, according to official advices received by the confidential agent of the provisional government of San Salvador, Senor Geronimo Pou, who arrived here Saturday night from San Salvador. It began without the usual formalities of a declaration of war, and for his country Senor Pou claims first victory. Senor Pou then exhibited the following telegram from Gen. Ezeta:

JULY 18.—The enemy, 9,000 strong, Thursday invaded San Salvador, but our forces bravely repulsed them, causing their complete rout. Many pieces of artillery, large quantities of ammunition and hundreds of stacks of arms were captured by us. I have given orders to advance into Guatemala.

Senor Pou says the Salvador army is armed with Remington rifles, machine guns, and mountain batteries, and is generally well eqipped with plenty of money. The Salvadorian forces are inferior in number to those of Guatemala, but Senor Pou says that he has received advices that disaffection has occurred in the army of Guatemala, and two battalions have refused to proceed to the frontier, which, he thinks, will have the effect of equalizing matters. Gen. Ezeta is commanding the movements of the Salvador forces.

Well Armed Forces.

Minister Diegnes of Guatemala and San Salvador says that the only dispatches received are from points in San Salvador where it is known that press censorship is in force. "Our forces are well armed with Remington rifles, Gatling guns, and mountain batteries, and if San Salvador has 16,000 men in the field, we have nearly double that number. While it is true we have no big fund in the treasury, everybody in the country will come to the front with money in case there be war." It is the general opinion here that in case there be war between Guatamala and San Salvador, the first-named country will be victorious, owing to its superior forces.

"There is not, nor has there been, anarchy in San Salvador," said Senor Pou. "There has been absolute peace in every department of the republic. It is thoroughly understood by our people that Gen. Ezeta is only our provisional president and that he will not attempt to force himself upon the republic as president. Candidates are also active throughout the country for the position, but it is a good natured contest, there being nothing like the assassinations or disorders or pronunciamentos in any department as reported.

Baseless Fabrications.

"I officially deny the reports of uprisings, assassinations, and other things that have been circulated. The telegram to the effect that Gen. Ezeta has threatened to shoot the families of those men who have gone to other countries since the 22d and has blown up houses with dynamite are baseless fabrications. Gen. Ezeta upon being made provisional president issued a proclamation of amnesty to all political exiles and that they are taking advantage of desire is evidenced by the return of Gen. Moran from San Francisco. It is Gen. Ezeta's idea to endeavor by proclamation to bring back all of the refugees to the country. Gen. Moran has without question been well received and has been welcomed by the provisional president and by a special committee who awaited his arrival at the post."

It is rumored that President Barillas of Guatemala talks of resigning. Gen. Barrudia, the Guatemalan refugee, has left Oaxaca to take part in the war. He will probably raise the standard of revolt in Guatemala.

Reports Possibly Exaggerated.

PARIS, July 21.—The Guatemalan minister here, referring to the reports from Mexico that war has broken out between Guatemalta and San Salvador, says that the telegrams from Mexico are inexact. War has not been declared, he says, and no Guatemalan troops have crossed the frontier of San Salvador. It is the minister's opinion that the fighting referred to in the dispatches must have occurred in the interior of San Salvador, between factions in that country.

Brotherhood of Railroad Firemen.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 21.—Five hundred members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Firemen assembled in a union meeting at Allyn hall, Sunday morning, to discuss matters relating to their business. A set of resolutions was adopted favoring the passage of the bill pending in congress requring railroads to use automatic brakes and couplers on freight trains. The resolutions also pledged the members of the brotherhood to do all in their power to prevent train men from working on Sunday.

His Honor Had a Close Call.

LONDON, July 19.—During the severe thunderstorm which swept over London Friday lightning struck and dislodged one of the ornamental figures on Westminster hall. The figure fell to the pavement below, and barely missed the head of Hon. Sir William Grantham, justice of the court of queen's bench. Had it struck him, it would most certainly have killed him.

Horrors at Erzeroum.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 19.—The reports of renewed and increased disorder at Erzeroum are reported. The threat of the Mussulmen to sack th. Christian quarters has alarmed the residents of that district and they are moving out with all possible haste. Men and women have been murdered without provocation and a number of women have been carried off.

Mrs. Parnell Seriously Ill.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., July 19.—Mrs. Parnell, mother of the Irish statesman, is suffering from cholera morbus and is confined to her bed. Owing to her age and general poor condition of health her illness is considered serious.

A Great Ware House Burned.

LIVERPOOL, July 19.—The immense warehouse of the Manchester Canal company in this city was burned Friday, together with an enormous amount of cotton, grain, flour, etc, stored therein. The loss is $900,000.

DEATH OF A HERO.

After Rescuing Several People He Perishes in the Flames.

DENVER, Colo., July 21.—John Johnson, a hod-carrier, was suffocated in the Commercial hotel. There were over 100 people in the place when a disastrous fire broke out at 4:10 a. m., and firemen found it impossible to get into the place. Johnson ran in the burning building and carried out a dozen girls. He then entered a room in which two drunken men slept and, after arousing them, was overcome by heat and fell to the floor. He crawled under a bed in the blinding smoke and was badly burned before death ensued from suffocation. C. J. Hoffman will die of injuries received and Rondo Landon, who jumped out of a window, is seriously injured. The financial loss is small, but about twenty people were more or less burned. Johnson, the hero who lost his life, formerly lived somewhere in Pennsylvania.

Nine Men Sentenced to Death.

PARIS, Tex., July 19.—There were nine men sentenced to death in the federal court Friday by Judge Bryant. Charles Reed, a negro, was convicted of assault on his step-daughter, aged 10, and his execution is fixed for Oct. 10. The motion for a new trial and an arrest of judgment in the Cross murder cases were overruled and sentence of death passed on each of the defendants—F. J. Lawrence, J. B. Chamberlain, O. J. Cook, Cyrus Frease, John Jackson, and C. E. Cook. Their execution is set for Dec. 19. J. C. Ball and R. E. Bout complete the list, and their execution is set for Dec. 19 also. They are under conviction for the murder of J. T. Box.

Non-Union Men Assaulted.

TOLEDO, Ohio, July 19.—Non-union men were unloading a cargo of ties from the scow Lake Lorest, when they were attacked by number a of men of the 'Longshoremen's union. A fight occurred, in which two non-union men were injured and carried from the scow in an unconscious condition. One union man had his shoulder dislocated. Eight policemen checked the trouble. The non-union men left and the unloading was given to union men. The union men asked 40 cents an hour, and claimed that non union men worked for 30. The latter will prosecute Capt. Mohlman for breach of contract. Five of the union men have been arrested.

Blew Up the Joint with Dynamite.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 21.—In a number of towns and counties in this state local option prohibition has been in force for years. Recently "original package" houses have been opened in nearly all these places. Last week James Ward opened an original package shop in Collinsville, DeKalb county. He was warned to leave, but paid no heed to the warning and Saturday night his place was blown up with dynamite. The force of the explosion was terrible, and no original packages were left in the neighborhood.

The Work of Lightning.

CHICAGO, July 19.—Near Catlin, Ills., Friday, lightning struck the daughter of Alonzo Busby, bursting the drums of both her ears. A number of cattle were also killed in the neighborhood, and two houses and many hay stacks were burned. Lightning also struck Charles Hathaway at Napanee, Ind., melting silver coins in his pockets but leaving no mark upon his body. Edward Neufer was also killed near the same place, while at work in the fields, and his entire body was flayed.

His Submarine Made Him Famous.

LONDON, July 19.—Spain has decided to build a whole flotilla of submarine war vessels after the model successfully produced by the inventor, Perat. Each boat will be constructed with accommodations for from twenty to fifty men. Perat is for the time being the greatest man in Spain. The Spaniards believe that his invention will place the nation in the forefront of the great naval powers of the world.

Said a Good Word for Jeff Davis.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., July 19.—Local Grand Army circles are agitated over the refusal of Farnsworth post No. 176 to receive the monthly dues of Capt. S. M. Saunders, a Union veteran and member of the guard, because he made complimentary remarks concerning Jefferson Davis in response to a military banquet speech in Savannah two years ago.

Morally Guilty, but Legally Acquit.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The general term of the supreme court Friday reversed the conviction of "Liverpool Jack," or John Fitzpatrick, who was found guilty of kidnapping David Kennedy and sending him into practical slavery in Yucatan. The court holds that the evidence was not sufficiently lawful, though there is no moral doubt of Fitzpatrick's infamy.

In a State of Siege.

LA LIBERTAD, July 15.—The government of Salvador has issued a proclamation declaring the country in a state of siege and announcing that passports would be required in order to travel from one town to another. War with Guatemala is imminent. Nearly 20,000 men are stationed along this side of the frontier. Great enthusiasm prevails.

Shot His Wife's Paramour.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 19.—Harvey Coleman, a brakeman on the Northern Central road, was shot and fatally wounded by Simon Tinklepough, yardmaster of the road. The two men had just been to a lawyer's office, where Coleman signed a paper admitting his unlawful intimacy with Tinklepough's wife. Tinklepough escaped.

Joliet Quarrymen Return to Work.

JOLIET, Ills., July 19.—The strike of the stone quarry men has failed, and the men are quietly and gradually returning to work, and the quarries are resuming operation. The stone quarry owners claim to have been damaged considerably by the loss of orders, while the men have thrown away a month's work.

An Ohio Town Scorched.

CARROLLTON, O., July 21.—The main street of Sherrodsville, this county, was burned out Friday night. Nine stores, three dwellings, one livery and two stables were burned. Incendiaries started the fire under Almon's store, containing powder and dynamite, which exploded.

In Financial Difficulties.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The McCormick-Connelly & Co., leather manufacturers at Newark, N. J., are financially embarrassed and a receiver has been applied for. The liabilities of the firm are estimated at $160,000 and the assets at $300,000.

Found Dead in Bed.

CLINTON, N. Y., July 12.—Dr. Christian Henry F. Peters, the astronomer, was found dead in bed Saturday morning.

CONFESSED THE CRIME.

Ohio's Latest Murder Mystery Cleared Up.

ENGINEER VANDEVANDER'S SLAYER.

Fireman Roadhouse Admits Having Committed the Crime but Claims He Acted in Self-Defense—His Awful Work with a Hammer—After Killing the Man He Braced Him Up on His Seat While Running Through Van Wert.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 23.—The climax of the sensational murder of Engineer Vandevander in his cab near here Friday was reached Monday, when Fireman Roadhouse unburdened his mind and confessed to having inflicted the fatal blows upon his companion. He accompanies his story with details in which the pen of a Gaboriau would revel, and which stamp the mystery of three days as one to which the criminal annals of Ohio can show no superior. When the train was about to leave Franklin he avers that Vandevander with emphatic profanity threatened to do him up. Their quarrel had been one of long standing, the engineer having been reported some time ago for drunkenness, and the bearer of the tale was thought by Vandevander to be his fireman. Seeing his companion's quarrelsome mood Roadhouse sought to keep out of his way as much as possible, but his safety was short-lived.

Roadhouse Attacked.

As soon as the train left Ohio City, seven miles south of here, Vandevander again turned toward him, with malignant hatred gleaming in his eye, and said: "—— —— you, I will do you up now." His words were accompanied by a crushing blow upon the skull which blinded Roadhouse, and in a trice its counterpart leveled him to the floor. He then says he picked up the nearest weapon that came to hand, it chancing to be a heavy copper hammer, and with all the energy of despair he swung it twice down upon the head of his enemy, felling him to the floor of the cab in an insensible condition. By this time the train was passing through Van Wert. Fearing discovery, he struck Vandevander a third blow upon the head and then braced the body upon the seat of the engineer. When the collision occurred and the two men were taken from the wreck both were in an unconscious condition, or rather supposedly so, but the fireman confesses that he was only feigning, as he was afraid that if he acknowledged the crime Judge Lynch would pass summary vengeance upon him.

Bothered by His Conscience.

He was taken to the hotel and remained in the same condition until Saturday morning, when he made a great show of returning to consciousness. He then told the story of a third man in the cab, which led many to believe that the crime had been committed by a person who had been sent to the penitentiary upon the testimony of Vandevander. Sunday, however, he says his conscience began to trouble him and he resolved to make a clean breast of the affair. That afternoon the doctors resolved to make an examination of his body to discover if any bruises would bear out his story, but not so much as a scratch was visible. The arrest followed and his friends persuaded him to clear up the mystery and trust to the leniency of twelve good men and true to obtain a verdict of killed in self defence.

JUMPING ON SENATOR PLUMB.

Kansas People Giving Him a Roast for Words Spoken in the Senate.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 22.—Saturday, in the senate, Senator Plumb, of this state, characterized Col. A. J. Smith, governor of the western branch of the Soldiers' home here, as a tyrant and a brute. The people of this city universally esteem the governor and are greatly excited over Plumb's tirade. Monday night all the veterans at the home, numbering 1,900 men, held an indignation meeting in Assembly hall and adopted resolutions condemning Senator Plumb's action.

An Editorial Comment.

The Standard says: "Senator Plumb has had good, warm friends in this community, men who esteemed him as a public man and a private citizen, but he has forfeited all claims to their friendship if he is correctly quoted in the report of the senate proceedings of last Saturday. The Standard is prepared to say, with due deliberation, that the man who charges that Governor Smith is brutal in his treatment of the veterans is a dangerous common liar."

A Remarkable Case.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, July 22.—Willie Eberhart, a 9-year old boy living here, is getting along with an ounce less brains than he had a week ago. His skull was badly fractured in an accident, a portion of the brain protruding in places. Although it was thought the boy could not live an hour, the wound was dressed and a portion of the brain weighing an ounce taken out. The bones were placed back in position and knitted nicely. The child is now out of danger, and the surgeons say he is sure to recover.

A Baby Show on Wheels.

ASBURY PARK, N. Y., July 22.—Monday afternoon 15,000 persons on Ocean plaza witnessed a baby show on wheels. Two hundred cherubs were wheeled in their carriages, including ten pairs of twins. The United States steamer Trenton's band headed the procession. Mr. James A. Bradley preceded the carriages, which were all gayly decorated, in a turnout.

Gen. Goshorn Don't Want It.

NEW YORK, July 22.—"Under no circumstances whatever will I take the director generalship of the Columbian exposition," said Gen. A. T. Goshorn when asked by a reporter if he had been offered the position. He declined to give his reasons, but spoke with an emphasis which left no doubt of his sincerity.

New Tariff Reform Paper.

MONTICELLO, Ills., July 22.—A new Democratic tariff reform paper called The Cerro Gordo Clipper, made its appearance here Monday. It is edited by Col. Eli Drum, the former editor of The Bement Gazette. This is the second paper for Cerro Gordo and the second Democratic paper in Piatt county.

A City Marshal Shot.

PONTIAC, Ills., July 22.—City Marshal Hodge was shot in the left groin Monday morning while arresting Dan North, it is feared fatally. North was arrested and placed in jail, awaiting the result of the shooting.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A company having for its object the bridging of the English channel, is seeking concessions from the French and English governments.

A Kansas City original package man has begun suit for damages against the sheriff, chief of police and county attorney, charging conspiracy to prevent it from carrying on its business, and fixing the damages at $10,000.

New York city is to be presented with a magnificent statue of Columbus by Italians of that city and the old country. The work will cost $20,000.

A load of new wheat was sold at Holland, Mich., Saturday for 82 cents per bushel.

Thomas F. Rice, of St. Louis, a stove molder, in a rough and tumble fight with his brother was so badly injured that he died.

Twothirds of the Maryland Democratic state central committee pronounce for Cleveland.

Kemmler will be electrocuted during the week beginning Aug. 4.

Sunday morning the north-bound Monon vestibule train struck a cow near Lennox, Ind. The engine was ditched and Engineer William Strope was caught beneath it and crushed and scalded to death.

The city of Edinburgh has returned a vote of thanks to Banker Kennedy, of New York city, who sold the original manuscript of the Scotch war song, "Scots Wha Hae," for a trifle more than the sum, $350, which he had recently paid for it.

James Mitchell, a deaf mute, was killed by the cars Sunday at Duquoin, Ills.

Professor C. B. Richards, of the Sheffield Scientific school, Yale, has been made by the French government a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Chauncey M. Depew in an interview published in a London newspaper condemned local government in America and charged that the evils are due largely to the fact that good men are too busy to vote.

Russia has increased the duty on kerosene oil to a practically prohibitive figure, in order to encourage the refining of native petroleum.

The Ashland (Wis.) saw mills have been closed by a strike, and the owners say they will keep closed for the season.

The new premier of Cape Colony, Cecil Rhodes, is an imperialist, but he gave Parnell $50,000 for his home rule fund.

In a quarrel over a flock of geese John Gilbert struck John Carney with a sledge-hammer and inflicted a fatal wound. Both live at Louisville.

During the present season G. Minturn Warden, of Toledo, proposes to do his native land on a bicycle to the extent of over 10,000 miles of travel.

Jefferson Davis' body, in the receiving vault of the Army of Northern Virginia in New Orleans, is guarded by a member of the G. A. R. by day and two ex-Confederate veterans by night.

The drought in southwestern Iowa was broken Sunday by a heavy fall of rain.

Professor Peters, the eminent astronomer and professor of that science at Hamilton college, New York, was found dead in one of the college halls Saturday morning. The cause was apoplexy.

An Arizona cowboy caught a bear with his lasso and dragged it to death.

A deposit of beautiful agate and carnelian has been found on Cedros island, Lower California.

Want to Get Back Their Beer.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, July 21.—The Anheuser-Busch Brewing company, of St. Louis, has commenced a replevin suit in the superior court here to recover possession of a quantity of liquor seized recently at Marion, claiming that the seizure was contrary to law. They also ask for damages for retention of the property.

Killed by Lightning.

NEW ORLEANS, July 21.—During a severe storm Sunday night lightning struck a shed at Milnerburg and killed Victor March and fatally injured Edgar Charles and seriously hurt Edward Williams, who had taken refuge in the building. A dairyman was also killed by lightning at Gentilly.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 21.

On the board of trade to-day quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 July, opened —, closed 87c; September, opened and closed 90c; December, opened 91¼c, closed 91¼c. Corn—No. 2 July, opened 38c, closed 37¾c; Augus, opened 38c, closed 37¾c; September, opened 38¼c, closed 38¼c. Oats—No. 2 July, opened ——, closed 32¼c; August, opened 30¼c closed 29¼c; September, opened 29¼c, closed 29c. Pork—July, opened $11.25, closed $11.25; August, opened $11.25, closed $10.40; September, opened $10.15, closed $10.50. Lard—August, opened and closed $5.75.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices: Hogs Market opened weak, 5c decline, followed by further decline of 5@10 cents; light grades, $3.60@3.80, rough packing, $3.55@3.60, mixed lots, $3.60@3.80; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.65@3.80.

Cattle—Market generally weaker; best natives and Texans no lower; but common to fair steers 5@10c off; trade active; natives, $3.60 4.80; bulk, $3.90@4.45; Texas steers, $2.40@3.40; native cows, $1.50@2.75. Sheep—Demand good and values firm; sales at $3.50@5.25; bulk, $4.25@4.60 for westerns, and $4.75@5.00 for natives.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 14@15¼ per lb; finest dairies, 11@12c; packing, stock, 5@6c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@12½c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, hens, 10@10½c per lb.; roosters, 5c; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c; spring ducks, 9½@10½c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Tennessee Rose, $3.75@4.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—Muskegon, 50c@$1, Racine choice, $1@1.50 per 16-qt case. Raspberries—Black, $3.00@3.50 per 24-qt case; red, $1.75@2.00 per 24-qt case. Blackberries—$2.50@2.75 per 24-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5½@6½c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@6¾c; green, self-working, 4@5½c; inside and covers, 2½@4¼c; common brush, 3½@4¼c; crooked, 2@3½c.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, July 21.

Wheat—Quiet; cash and July, 88½c; August, 89c; September, 89¼c; December, 90c. Corn—Firm; cash, July, August, and September, 40c. Oats—Quiet: cash, 36c; August and September, 30¼c. Clover seed—Firm; cash, $3.70; October, $3.90.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, July 21.

Wheat—Easy; No. 2 spring on track cash, 86@87c; August, 88c; No. 1 northern, 90c. Corn—Quiet; No. 3 on track, 38c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white on track, 37½c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 49c. Barley—Unsettled; No. 2 in store, 55c.

New York.

NEW YORK, July 21.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 9-¼c cash; do August, 94½c; do September, 94¾c; do December, 96¾c. Corn Options steady; No. 2 mixed, cash 45½c; do August, 44½c; do September, 45½c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed cash, 38½c; do September, 35½c; do October, 35½c. Rye—Unchanged. Barley—Nominal. Pork Steady; mess, $12.75@13.50. Lard—Nominal.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, JULY 26, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Oliver Twist."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Howard & Fox's Gaiety Company.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE DAWN OF PEACE IN IRELAND.

Last Wednesday, July 23, was the 199th anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, which was fought on July 12, old style, 1691. The 12th inst. was the 200th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on July 1, old style, 1690. Both anniversaries passed off in a quiet manner. In Ireland no disturbance whatever was recorded. This is most gratifying, and goes to show that the vicious religious factions which tore the Irish people widely asunder in the past are rapidly dying out. The Irish mind is rapidly becoming liberalized, and the Irish Protestant, like the Irish Catholic, is beginning to see that there can be no prosperity, not to speak of liberty, in Ireland without the thorough union and brotherhood of Irishmen of all creeds. In our news columns will be found a remarkable case of wholesale desertion of Protestantism for Catholicism by a Protestant congregation because they believed their rector aided in the persecution of a Catholic priest who had been their friend in the fights against oppressive landlordism. Nearly one hundred Protestant families adopted this novel mode of making known their sentiments.

Doubtless their hatred of meanness and tyranny had as much to do with their change of creed as the logic of Catholic doctrine, but, in any case, they have, as the English would observe, "gone over to Rome" to stay, and more power to their Irish elbows, say we! There is excellent stuff out of which to make practical patriots among the Protestants of Ireland, if they are only properly influenced. They are, in a moral sense, bolder than the Catholics, because their forefathers were not persecuted, as the forefathers of the Irish Catholics were. They do not dread to make either a moral or material sacrifice—once they are thoroughly aroused—as much as the Irish Catholics do, because they have always been brought up more or less in the strong Puritanical idea that it is better to die than be coerced or enslaved. The very force of character and effect of training that drove many of their forefathers out of the Catholic church in the fierce dragooning days of Claverhouse and Dalzell may drive the present generation of Irish Protestants back into the ancient fold. But, except in a spiritual sense, it makes little difference to the Irish Catholics whether their Protestant neighbors come into the fold, or stay outside of it, so long as they join them heartily in the fight for existence on their common soil. Every Irishman with a single spark of reason, must see that the extermination of the population of Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, must be the inevitable outcome of the existing British policy. Ireland has not any larger population today than she had in 1790, and the decrease since 1845 has not been confined exclusively to the Catholics. Whole sections of Presbyterian Ulster have also been devastated by the omnivorous landlord system.

The Irish Parliamentary party, although far from being perfect in its methods, has, at least, proved to the commonsense Protestants of Ireland that the Catholic majority would neither ignore nor oppress them in the event of attaining legislative independence. The Protestants have seen men of their religious belief selected and elected by intensely Catholic constituencies, and they cannot doubt the evidence of their own senses. In fact, Mr. Parnell himself—a man of almost purely English descent and a Protestant in faith—would not be nearly as potent with the Irish Catholic masses if he belonged to their own church. In truth, this has been traditional in Ireland since the fall of Limerick, John Keogh and Daniel O'Connell being about the only notable exceptions. O'Connell's wonderful gifts would have made him powerful in any country, no matter what his religion might have been. Honestly speaking, the mantle of Protestantism, among the Irish Catholics, covers a multitude of sins in a popular leader. This is the very best certificate of the natural liberality of the Irish Catholic mind that can be given.

On the whole, THE CITIZEN considers that Ireland and Irishmen may well congratulate themselves on the passing away of the religious discord and sectarian rancor which made Ireland a moral hell during many generations. It looks as if, in the long run, the dream or Davis might be realized, and that Orange and Green may at length join hands across the erstwhile "bloody chasm" of the Boyne. In this country we see, almost daily, the splendid spectacle of Union and Confederate veterans meeting on the battlefields of their mutual glory, and sinking North and South in the glorious entity of America. So also may we yet hope to see the descendants of the men who fought for William, and the descendants of those who fought for James, meet at Oldbridge and at Aughrim, at Derry and at Limerick, to plant the shamrock and the lily above the dust of the heroes who, upon both sides of the long and bloody contest of 200 years ago, illustrated Irish virtue and Irish valor.

Come all together, for Ireland gather
From Galway to Dunleary;
With heart and mind be all combined
Fermanagh and Tipperary!
Then shall we be, for aye, as free
As wind that sweeps the heather,
And foes shall quail, and England pale
When we cross the Boyne together!

JUSTIN McCARTHY DEFENDS "YOUNG IRELAND."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, who presided at the banquet in commemoration of Mr. Parnell's 44th birthday, in closing the proceedings, delivered a very curious and interesting speech. Among other things the brilliant gentleman said: "I may say that I have never changed since those far off days of '48 (applause), for, going back to an earlier generation than that of a friend on my left, to those days when we were boys—we were very much boys in those days (laughter)—I was, I think, not quite eighteen years old; but we thought it nothing to risk our lives for the national prosperity of our country (applause). Now, those are the principles I started with, and to those principles I have always adhered (renewed applause). We have changed our methods since that time—I have changed my methods with them. But let me remind you that we were not in those days of '48 the utter idiots that some people are now pleased to regard us (hear, hear). Remember that in those days there were no weapons of precision. Remember that the old rifles that we bought and buried afterwards—I say this in a poetic mood, and I wrote the song of my own buried rifle—a song the world has very willingly let die (laughter), but it was, I think, in the *Nation* or *Irish Felon*. There were Irish felons in those days, and we were as proud to be Irish felons then as some people are now (hear, hear); but we had some reasonable grounds. First of all, we had no English party whatever to support us. We were under the conviction, young and old of us, that there was no way of getting Irish National government but by a movement of armed rebellion. The European continent then was aflame with rebellion. Remember, then, that we thought—as other people thought—that if you could only keep up an army, a rebellion going on for long enough, some great European power, acting for its own purpose, would come in and help you out. I am not saying our movement was a wise one, but I can say this distinctly, our movement was not that movement of mere insanity which sometimes now people are disposed to regard it as having been."

The same might be said for the Fenian movement, equally decried, Mr. McCarthy. The Fenians had even better grounds for hope than the Young Irelanders, because they had seduced from their allegiance a powerful section of the British army, and because, in this country, the shabby administration of Andrew Johnson became virtually their ally, and then, having achieved its object, played them false. If the history of the American Fenian movement in 1865-6 is ever written it will place both Johnson and Seward among the most treacherous characters in history.

But having completed his defense of the men and measures of 1848, Mr. McCarthy proceeded to say: "We have conquered the English democracy. As captive Greece conquered her conquerors, so has captive Ireland convinced the English people. We have on our side Mr. Gladstone (loud applause)and the English democracy, and who, I want to know, are going to oppose us? (Continued applause). Our honored guest has spoken in kind and generous terms of the success I may have made in literature and otherwise. I tell you with the utmost sincerity that there is no success which I ever have made which I value in the faintest degree in comparison with the success that I have made in being a member of the Irish National party, in fighting with them in those dark and desperate days (hear, hear), when there were sometimes only half-a dozen of men going into one lobby and the whole house of commons trooping into the other lobby—with the success that I have made in being regarded by men like you as a comrade and a friend and a brother (applause)."

Well, Mr. McCarthy, we know what the proof of the pudding is. What is the proof of the English democratic pudding whereof Mr. McCarthy speaks? Certainly not in the result of the general election of 1886. In the next general election? Well, the Irish parliamentary party, judging by their recent indolence and negligence in the Saxon house of commons, do not seem to be anxious to precipitate such an event. Faith is great—it can move mountains, but can it move English prejudice, which is mightier than mountains? THE CITIZEN hopes it can, but it regretfully doubts the performance of such a political miracle.

MUTINY OF THE ENGLISH GUARDS.

The mutiny recently developed by the second battalion of the British Grenadier Guards—a favored and historical corps—is without precedent in English history, so far as the "Household Troops" are concerned. The soldiers who compose the Grenadiers are English almost to a man, and this fact makes their recent insubordination all the more significant. Some of the newspapers ascribe their peculiar conduct to the influence of socialism, and others to hard discipline and short rations. Col. Maitland would appear to be the scapegoat of the occasion, and he has asked for a court martial, which will be held next week.

Meanwhile the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief, and Gen. Lord Wolseley, have decreed that the mutinous battalion must be exiled to the Bermudas. The battalion was paraded on Tuesday before the Duke of Cambridge and other officers high in command. The men's traditional bearskin shakos were taken away from them, and they were given instead the plain white helmet of the line soldiers, worn only on foreign service. Cambridge, in addressing them, hoped their conduct abroad would be better than it had recently been at home. His remarks occasioned several outbursts of anger, which Col. Eaton, a favorite commander, vainly tried to suppress. Many of the men tore the Egyptian service medals from their breasts and hurled them contemptuously across the parade ground, under the purple nose of the royal duke in command. His Royal Highness waxed indignant, and literally frothed at the mouth, but uniformed John Bull was in an ugly mood and cared nothing whatever for the Commander-in-chief's wrath. The men were finally marched off the ground, and the Duke of Cambridge had time to ponder the predicament.

On Wednesday morning the recalcitrant battalion was marched from the Grenadier barracks to the railroad station, where they took train for Chatham. Thence they proceeded to Portsmouth and were embarked on board the troopship Tamar, bound for the Bermudas. The families of the married men were allowed to accompany them. The Londoners to the number of 20,000, cheered the Grenadiers heartily as they marched to the railroad station. It was evident that popular sympathy was with the mutineers. Nothing short of infernal tyranny could have driven such conservatively inclined men, in a high state of discipline, to act as the Grenadiers have done. It may be the beginning of army disintegration. Such violent disaffection can hardly be confined to a single regiment. The example of the Guards is likely to affect the steadiness of the other battalliions, both Household and Line. The situation is, therefore, decidedly serious.

The Grenadier Guards are the premier foot regiment of England. Their record, from a military standpoint, is certainly a glorious one. It was they who turned the tide at Quatre Bras, and who, under Colonel Cooke, held the farmhouse of Hougomont against the best efforts of Napoleon's veterans on the day of Waterloo. They greatly distinguished themselves in the Crimea, and, more lately, in Egypt and the Soudan. If Colonel Maitland, by unnecessary harshness, caused the mutiny, he will have to endure a heavy penalty, because the very safety of the House of Hanover depends upon the loyalty of the troops of the *elite*. Colonel Maitland may, all unknown to himself, be an instrument in the hands of providence to cripple the power and tame the pride of the British Empire. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that all the British troops may follow the example of the Grenadiers.

An Ex-Confederate's Opinion.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "War-path and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty was war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, and accompanied the forces of Generals Crook, Custer, Terry, Miles, Gibbon, and others, in their memorable campaigns against the Indians, and participated in many of the hard fought battles that eventually brought the savage red man to recognize the authority of the United States. Therefore, when the public is informed that John F. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, of Chicago, and ex Congressman, has published a book about American affairs, and one of absorbing interest, it should set every person to thinking of how much his library is lacking in literature vital to the best interests of this great nation of ours. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest. The student will find in it pictures of patriotism that will fill his soul with patriotic ardor, and cause him to bless the memories of those who fought to make this country the grandest on the roll of fame. The more one knows about his own country the better citizen he should make. Mr. Finerty's book deals in figures and thrilling facts covering the entire field of the vexatious Indian problem which the late able General George Crook, by the judicious use of common sense, served up on the point of the gleaming saber, and voiced by the rattle of the rifle.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY DEVLIN.

Mrs. Mary Devlin, *nee* McLaughlin, widow of the late Mr. Arthur Devlin, of Buffalo, N. Y., and mother of Mr. John Devlin, a leading business man of Astoria, Oregon, and of Mrs. E. M. McClure, wife of Major William C. McClure, a popular journalist of this city, died at her residence, South Park avenue and Thirty-first street, on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Devlin was born in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, on March 17, 1809, and came to America after her marriage with Mr. Devlin, who died in Buffalo about the year 1860. The family moved westward and settled in Chicago in 1868. The old lady retained her health up to within a few years. During seven months preceding her death, she was practically helpless, and received most affectionate and untiring attention from her daughter and son-in-law. She was attended in her last illness by Dr. Edmund Andrews, the eminent surgeon, and Dr. McIntyre. Nothing was left undone to prolong her life, but old age told heavily upon the invalid and she gradually sank to rest, comforted by the sacraments of the Catholic church, of which she was a devout communicant. Mrs. Devlin was a fine old lady, and retained her mental faculties to the last. She was a devoted lover of Ireland and always took a deep interest in everything that concerned the welfare of the old land.

The funeral occurred from the family residence to St. James' Catholic church on Saturday morning. The casket was covered with beautiful floral designs, the graceful tribute of the members of Mrs. Devlin's family, and her many personal friends, to her memory. The pallbearers were: Hon. W. K. Sullivan, managing editor Chicago *Evening Journal*; Hon. William Buckley, state representative; John Traynor, Owen Murray, William Fogarty, John J. Fitzgibbon, John Berry, and John F. Finerty. The funeral was largely attended; and the church was filled with mourners. After solemn high mass of requiem had been offered up, and the services for the dead concluded, the Rev. John Waldron, a personal friend of the deceased lady, preached the funeral sermon. He took his text from Kings I, xiv: "We are dying and sinking into the grave, like the waters that flow into the earth and return no more." Following is a synopsis of Father Waldron's discourse:

So sad and so solemn is this occasion that one almost fears to speak, lest the words should but lessen the deep impressiveness of the scene. Her mission on earth has ceased and her labors have been finished, but her good name and noble qualities will live in the memory of all who knew her and will not be forgotten. We all come to mourn her departure, but at the same time, we come to be consoled by the memories of her career, of the virtues which adorned her. Sad as death is, sad as it is on this occasion, what is it in reality to her but a liberation, an illumination, a union with God? Her life was a model one, worthy of imitation by the old as well as by the young. Her singular piety, the stainless purity of her morals, and the ingenuousness of her disposition endeared her to all who had ever known her, and a spirit of ardent piety, shed its ennobling influence upon every action of her life, from her earliest childhood to the scene of her departure which the mists of death could not cloud or darken. Her honesty, purity of character and integrity, were above suspicion, and all who had admission into the inner circle of her friendship bear witness that she was essentially warm hearted, kind and affectionate, and that her attachments were as tenacious and enduring as they were disinterested and cordial. To these virtues she added a tender and gentle spirit which especially fitted her for companionship and attracted the love and respect of all who knew her. During her last seven months' sickness, she gave the most edifying example of humility, of faith, of confidence in the divine goodness, and of resignation to the will of heaven. Her union with God, in prayer, was uninterrupted. Her most frequent aspirations were: "Thy will be done, oh God! Jesus, Mary and Joseph help and assist me." And thus with a calm confidence in the sure reward that awaited her, she folded up the book of life and bound it with the golden clasp of faith in a glorious immortality, leaving behind her the intellectual, the spiritual, and, therefore, the higher and purer life, to commune with us, to teach us and to lead us onward and upward. May the lessons of her life inspire us with higher resolves and stronger desires for the attainment of excellence of character. May her death admonish us that life is the span of human activity and when life's transient day is o'er, may it be our lot to leave behind us the heritage of a good name, the legacy of a life well spent.

When Father Waldron concluded his remarks, the casket was re-borne to the hearse, and the remains were escorted by a large cortege to Dearborn station, where the cars were taken to Mount Olivet cemetery. Mrs. Devlin was consigned to the grave with every manifestation of sorrow and respect. The final prayer for the repose of her soul was said by the Rev. Father Waldron, and all present joined earnestly in the impressive devotions.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

THE SEAPOINT CATASTROPHE.

The Lord Mayor has granted the use of the Mansion House for a preliminary meeting, for the purpose of organizing a subsequent meeting, to express public sorrow at Mr. O'Connor's sad bereavement and to raise a testimonial.

A WEDDING GIFT.

The wedding gift of the English Liberal members to Mr. William O'Brien was presented to the honorable gentleman in one of the committee rooms at the house of commons. The gift consisted of a silver inkstand with a suitable inscription, a copy of a complete edition of the works of Swift, and a copy of Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

OBJECTED TO BE "WORSHIPPED."

At Tullow quarter sessions Dr. Darley severely reprimanded a witness for addressing him as "your worship," telling him that the title should only be accorded to Diety.

BEET GROWING IN COUNTY WEXFORD.

It is said that one of the largest firms in London interested in the sugar trade, has collected a quarter of a million of money for the purpose of investing in beet growing. The project is to grow and manufacture sugar from beet root in Ireland. "This stage has not yet been reached," says a daily contemporary, "but the general interest which has been roused by the experience made on the farm of Mr. John Ennis, near Wexford, last year, and hrs showed such astounding results, has induced twelve other farmers in the same county to apply for seeds, which they are trying this year, so that we may look forward for the results in due course.—*Commercial Ireland.*

SUMMER ASSIZES.

Mr. Justice Andrews opened the assizes at Drogheda. In a charge for uttering base coin against Joseph Coyle, the jury disagreed, and the accused was put back for trial to the next assizes. This concluded the business.

Mr. Justice Murphy, addressing the grand jury of the county Longford, at Longford, at the opening of the summer assizes, congratulated them on the peaceful state of the county.

Thomas McBride, alias "The Wild Duck," for stealing boots, was found guilty and sentenced to four month's imprisonment, with hard labor, he having been convicted five times previously.

Thomas McGuinness for assault and resisting the police at Aughnacloy, was sentenced to twelve calandar months, with hard labor. This concluded the business of the assizes.

At Drogheda, Andrew Harman, who is charged with the murder of his wife, gave himself up at the police station, North Quay. After being cautioned, he stated "it could not be helped."

IRISH WEATHER.

The mean temperature for the week ending July 25 was 53·3 degrees, being 5·7 degrees below the average for the corresponding week of the last ten years. The temperature was highest on Wednesday, when the thermometer registered 63·2 degrees, and was lowest on Friday, the mercury having fallen to 40·1 degrees.

ALLEGED SHEEP STEALING.

At Clairoche petty sessions Moses Duff, a farmer, belonging to Tomtorney, near Enniscorthy, was brought up in custody, charged with having stolen seven sheep and four lambs, the property of his neighbor, Margaret Power. There appeared to be much interest taken in the case, the court being crowded. Evidence having been taken, the prisoner was returned for trial.

MOONLIGHTING IN WESTMEATH.

It is reported that the house of James Soddick, at Surrock, near Athlone, was visited by two moonlighters with their faces blackened and carrying revolvers. It is stated that they warned Mrs. Soddick against working for a farmer in the neighborhood, and that they fired their revolvers towards the house.

THE BAKERS OF ENNISCORTHY.

The working bakers of this town have succeeded in quietly effecting a complete change in the conditions of their work. A few days ago they decided to demand the abolition of night work, and if their demand was refused to go on strike. It was, however not found necessary to resort to strong measures, as the merchant bakers willingly agreed to the demands of the men.

SMASHED THE PUMPS.

It is not often that the disciples of Bacchus carry their dislike to cold water to such extremes as some Carlow young bloods displayed recently. These gentlemen, in the small hours, made a gallant attack on the town pumps which they so thoroughly wrecked that their poor cold-water neighbors have since experienced difficulties in procuring their harmless refreshment.

BIGAMY.

An interesting trial has just been heard in Dublin before the Lord Chief Baron. Oliver Lynch charged Dr. Arthur Macan, late master of the Rotunda Hospital, with improper conduct with his wife, and sought £5,000 damages. The woman, whose maiden name was Mary Kate Fortune, was married to Lynch in 1879. She was the daughter of a woman who enjoyed a pension from the family of The O'Conor Don. She became a mother in the next year. Serious illness followed, for which, until 1881, she was attended by Dr. Macan. Her husband was obliged to go to America in 1884, and in 1886 his wife went out and joined him, but in 1887 ill health compelled her to return home. In August, 1887, she was about returning to America, and in the following October somebody caused to be inserted in the *Freeman's Journal* an announcement of the death of "Oliver Lynch, of Louisville, youngest son of Thomas Lynch, Kittystown, county Tipperary." Dr. Macan was still attending Mrs. Lynch, and the woman, though aware that her husband was still living, induced the doctor to marry her, the ceremony being performed by an Episcopalian minister. On the return of Lynch from America he instituted the suit. The trial resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, with one farthing damages. The jury added to their verdict a rider stating that Dr. Macan left court without an imputation on his character.

SELLING OUT.

Mr. Callan, the ex Irish member, is selling his Irish property, as he intends to emigrate with his family to Western Australia in autumn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The question of the removal of Nelson from his present place in O'Connel street is being eagerly if quietly agitated.

At Messrs. Cooper & Co.'s cement works, Drinagh, near Wexford, an employe named Kehoe was engaged at an empty kiln when he accidently fell down the shafting, alighting on his head, and was killed.

At Naas Laurence Doyle was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor for having violently assaulted Acting Sergeant Nolan on June 17.

MUNSTER.

DEVONSHIRE TENANTRY.

The *Freeman's Journal* says: From under the shadow of Lismore Castle, the great Irish seat of the Cavandishes, it was neat of the grateful Devonshire tenantry, per the Lismore "suppressed" branch of the National League, to telegraph condolence to Lord Hartington on his loss of influence at Barrow. Next!

A FORTUNE.

It is reported that a family residing in Firies direction, named Scannell, has fallen in for an immense fortune. If report speaks true, the junior members of the family, two sons and four daughters have fallen in for a sum of no less than £30,000 each. An uncle of theirs named Connor, who emigrated many years ago to San Francisco, fell sick and died some time ago, and, before dying, bequeathed his property to his wife, having no issue. Some time ago the wife met an accident on the railway, from which she eventually died, and it is said that before dying she willed the above portion of her large fortune to the nephews and nieces of her late husband.

A DISTRICT INSPECTOR SHADOWED.

A correspondent writes that at the Fermoy fair a novel case of shadowing took place. David Kent, who had lambs for sale, was shadowed by a constable, whereupon he in turn commenced shadowing District Inspector Ball. This went on for some time to the great amusement of onlookers. Mr. Ball at length turned round and told Kent that if he persisted in following him he would arrest him. Kent replied that he could not sell his lambs while the constable shadowed him, and that if Mr. Ball removed the shadow he would cease following him. Mr. Ball then ordered the shadow to arrest Kent, who was conveyed to the police barrack, and detained there from nine o'clock until half past three, when he was discharged on bail. Kent complains that on several occasions he has been unable to sell his stock owing to being shadowed.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

A very important meeting of National School Teachers of the Province of Munster was held in Limerick. Several forcible resolutions were adopted unanimously. Before separating the teachers formally placed on record a declaration of their gratitude to the Archbishop of Dublin for his advocacy of their cause.

COUNTY KERRY GRAND JURY.

The county Kerry grand jury was sworn in in the presence of the high Sheriff, Mr. R. L. Marshall, for the disposal of business connected with the summer assizes. The following are the names: Colonel Rowan, forman; Hon. E. A. De Moleyns, S. M. Hussey, Captain R. Leslie, J. C. Neligan, Q.C., G. R. Browne, S. E. Collis, The McGillycuddy, J. E. Butler, T. J. Trench, G. F. Trench, J. W. Leahy, E. M. Bernard, R. Meredith, F. B. Bateman, Captain Magill, Maurice Leonard, Robert McCowen, R. Roche, John McGillycuddy, George Stack, Robert McClure, and Richard Latchford.

WATERFORD COMMISSION.

On July 2 the commission opened for the county and city of Waterford, and Mr. Justice O'Brien sat in the county Court. His Lordship, in addressing the grand jury, said that in this county which they represented, where usually there had been so little ordinary crime at all periods, he would have to deal at present with perhaps rather less than the ordinary amount. The cases to go before them were unconnected with any in general operation.

Thomas Power was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for assaulting his brother at Milvale, Carrickbeg, on June 21, 1890.

A man named Nolan was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for bigamy.

The grand jury found no bill against a woman named Bridget Hyde for infanticide.

POLICE PRESENTMENT.

At the reassembling of the city grand jury a lively discussion took place regarding a presentment of £32 for extra police. When the grand jury went before the Lord Chief Baron he refused to fiat the presentment till they had passed the sum for the police. The grand jury held out, and notwithstanding that they had disposed of all their other business, his lordship refused to discharge them, and they will be obliged to attend the court again on tomorrow. The business before the Chief Baron was light.

LIMERICK COMMISSION.

Mr. Justice Holmes opened the commission for the city of Limerick in the city court. He was accompanied by the city high sheriff, Mr. W. M. Nolan. The following were sworn on the grand jury: Thomas McMahon Cregan, foreman; Edward G. Fitt, Robert Gibson, Patrick Herbert, William Humphries, Samuel E. Lee, William Lloyd, Thomas Maguire, Denis F. McNamara, Stephen McSwiney, John Purcell, Patrick Riordan, James T. Ryan,

Edmond Slattery, William Holliday, Edward Baker, Michael Cahill, Michael D. Carr, John F. Power, James Carmody, Robert McDonnell and Stephen F. Dowling

The jury having been sworn, his Lordship, addressing them, said he was glad to find that in taeir city there had been very little crime since last assizes. The number of cases was very few indeed. There were but two bills to go before them for offenses committed within their city. Two other bills which had been transferred from the county to the city would be laid before them for investigation. One of the cases was described in the calendar as a case of murder, but possibly when that case came to be investigated it might be found not to be of so serious a nature as that description would lead one to infer.

The grand jury having returned some true bills against prisoners, the criminal business was proceeded with.

Patrick Noonan was acquitted of a charge of assault.

John Jordan and Denis Hayes were indicted for assault. The former was convicted and allowed out on his own recognizance.

DEATHS.

A man named Michael Doody who was employed as porter in the Kildysart Branch of the Munster and Leinster Bank was found dead in his bed.

The death is announced of Mr. Richard Beamish, J. P., which took place at his residence, Sunny Hill, Leap, on July 6.

NEW SOLICITORS.

Mr. T. H. W. Enright, B.A., T. C. D., second son of the late Mr. William Enright, Castleconnell, county Limerick, was sworn in a solicitor.

Mr. Charles J. Spain, eldest son of Mr. Charles Spain, of Nenagh, was admitted as a solicitor of the supreme court of judicature, Ireland. Mr. Spain intends to practice at Roscrea.

ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

John and Ellen Matthews, aged five and four years respectively, were passing over a style by the side of a mill stream with other children, when they tumbled into the river, which is several feet deep and flows very rapidly. The cries attracted a railway porter, named James Sheehan, and a gardener, named William Ahern, who succeeded in rescuing the children.

TIPPERARY ASSIZES.

The grand jury of the South Riding of this county was sworn in before the high sheriff, Mr. William Traherne, D. L., at Clonmel. The enormous sum of £2,858 16s 2d was unanimously voted to the Governors and Company of the Bank of Ireland as expense of extra police for the half year ending March 31.

RENT SETTLEMENT.

A Kildysart correspondent writes that the long standing dispute between Mr. William O'Brien, P.L.G., and the trustees of the Monteagle estate has been brought to a peacable close through the intervention of Father William Mulcahy, of Foynes. Mr. O'Brien's demands have been satisfactorily dealt with.

CONNACHT.

IMPRISONMENT FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

At the summer assizes, Roscommon, a boy named Flannery, aged 16, pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of P. O'Neil in May. He was sentenced by Judge Harrison to twelve months imprisonment. Timothy Naughton also pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of F. Cunningham, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment from the date of his commital. Luke Mullen, aged 65, was indicted for the murder of his son in-law, Patrick Beirne, at Kilefin, on Feb. 28. The charge was changed to manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

GRANTED A GUARANTEE.

The Roscommon grand jury granted a guarantee for £10,000 to the proposed railway from Tuam to Ballyhaunis, which will run through a mile and a half of that county.

SLIGO ASSIZES.

At the assizes before Chief Justice O'Brien and a special jury, the action of O'Dowd vs. Cawley was tried. Plaintiff, vice chairman of Tubbercurry board of guardians, claimed £1,000 damages from F. Cawley for statements alleged to have been contained in a letter to a man named McDermott, the words complained of being that the plaintiff was engaged in a plot to murder defendant. Plaintiff denied that he had ever been concerned in any conspiracy to murder. A verdict of £15 and damages was returned.

FALSE VOTING PAPER.

At the Sligo assizes Luke Armstrong, chairman of the Tubbercurry board of guardians, James Armstrong, and Peter Cawley, guardians of the Tubbercurry union, were charged with unlawful conspiracy to cause a false voting paper to be delivered to the clerk of the Tubbercurry union. After deliberating for an hour the jury returned into court with a verdict of guilty. The judge said he did not consider the case a very serious one, but the prosecution was brought for the purpose of making the law manifest. He sentenced the traversers to be imprisoned for one minute, and as the time had expired the prisoners might go.

SWORN IN AS A SOLICITOR.

R E. Gethin, son of Edward Gethin, of Sligo, was on Saturday sworn in a solicitor before the lord chancellor. Mr. Gethin served his apprenticeship to Mr. John Tweedy, solicitor to the Provincial Bank of Ireland, and was awarded a silver medal for his distinguished answering at the recent final examination. Mr. Gethin will practice in the county Wexford.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Among the successful candidates who passed the recent first professional conjoint examinations of the College of Surgeons and King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, we find the name of George J. Reynolds of Eastland Row, Tuam. Mr. Reynolds is the only surviving son of the late Dr. Reynolds, and nephew of the late Very Rev. Peter Reynolds, both of Claremorris, county Mayo.

DISPERSED BY THE POLICE.

A meeting of the Loughrea tenants of Mrs. Hannah Lewis was called to denounce the false representations made to his Grace Archbishop Walsh, regarding Father Egan. As soon as the tenants assembled, however, they were dispersed by the police. Subsequently a meeting was held at the house of one of the evicted tenants, and a memorial to the archbishop drawn up and signed.

A NEW RAILWAY.

The Loughrea & Attymon railway is now almost completed, and the necessary notice for the Board of Trade inspection will be given this month. It is expected the formal opening of the line will take place about Aug 25, and the opening for public traffic on Aug 30

KILLED BY CIRCUS PEOPLE.

A man named Isaac Farrell, who lived in Ballinrobe, died in the county infirmary on June 29, from the effect of a blow on the head, which he received in a row with some circus people in Castlebar on the 14th. Deceased was 40 years old, and belonged to the town of Armagh.

DROWNED

The wife of a man named Myles Gibbons was drowned recently in Westport bay by the filling of their boat in a squall in the current near Rosminna Point while carrying a dangerous load, stone ballast, for a ship. The family are very poor, but very industrious and very good. The case was brought before the harbor board, the members of which subscribed liberally to aid them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The salmon fisheries on the Moy have not been as productive this season as usual.

John Tiernan was sentenced, at the Sligo assizes, to nine months' imprisonment for grievous assault on A. Coffee.

There were three battles fought between local gamecocks at the race course in Roscommon recently. There was a good number of persons present.

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. Whigham, Ballinasloe, took place on July 5. All the business houses in town were closed during the progress of the funeral procession through the streets.

The works on the Ballinrobe & Claremorris railway were commenced in May last, and already the fencing of the entire line is about completed, and some of the principal cuttings opened up at the large hill near Claremorris.

The Earl of Arran, lieutenant of the county Mayo, has appointed Arthur Knox Gildea, Esq., of Clooncormack, to be a deputy lieutenant for the county Mayo.

ULSTER.

TYRONE GRAND JURY.

At Omagh, July 1, Mr. Emerson Tennant Herdman, D.L., Scion House, Strabane, high sheriff, accompanied by Mr. George A. Rogers, under sheriff, entered the crown court of the courthouse, and the grand jury panel having been called over by Mr. James Crossle, clerk of the crown, the following answered to their names, and were sworn on the grand jury: Sir J. Calvert Cong, Bart (foreman); John William Ellison Macartney, D.L.; Capt. Hugh De Fellende Montgomery, D. L; Anketell Moutray, D.L.; John Byers Gunning Moore, J.P.; Lieut.-Col. John Harvey Knox Browne, D.L.; Lieut-Col. Robert Hawkes Ellis, J.P.; John Herdman, J.P.; Lieut Col. Deane Mann, J.P.; Thomas William Drummond Humphreys, J.P.; Maj Charles Murray Alexander, J.P.; William King Edwards, J. P.; George Evans, Hugh Adair, J.P.; Capt. J. O'F. Carmichael Fergall, J.P.; Capt. John Richardson, J.P.; Maj. Henry G. S. Alexander, J. P.; Charles Scott, J. P.; James Brown, J.P.; Huntwalsh Chambre, J.P.; Robert Harvey, Mathew Anderson, J.P.; J. Robinson McDonald, J.P.

ONLY TWO CASES.

On July 5 Justice Johnson took his seat in the Cavan crown court, and the grand jury were resworn. His lordship, addressing them with regard to the calendar, said it was a light one, there being only two cases to go before them—one of serious assault and one of perjury.

Edward Finegan was placed on trial charged with wounding and assaulting Henry Carolan on the evening of June 5, at Gorteen, near Arva. The jury, after a short deliberation, returned into court with a verdict of guilty. The judge deferred sentence.

Joseph O'Neill was indicted for having committed wilful perjury at the petty sessions court, Cootehill, on May 31. Owing to an informality in the indictment his lordship directed the jury to discharge the prisoner. This concluded the criminal business.

Joseph Nealon, ex constable of R.I.C., applied to the grand jury for £500 compensation for injuries sustained by him while discharging his duties as a peace officer at Cootehill on Dec 23, 1889 After hearing evidence the jury granted him £100.

GRAND JURORS SWORN.

At Enniskillen the high sheriff of the county, Capt. Arthur P. Collum, entered the crown court, when the following gentlemen were sworn on the grand jury by J. W. Hanrahan, clerk of the crown and peace: Messrs. William H. Archdale, foreman; Col. William D'Arcy Irvine, Francis J. Graham, J. P., D. L.; Sir Charles King, Bart; Hugh Barton, Col. Doran, Archibald Collum, Capt. William Collum, J. P., D. L.; Maj. Alex Bailey, Edward Smyth, J P.; Anthony Cassidy, John Arthur Irwin, J P.; James Moore Frith, J. P.; John Nixon, J.P.; P. J. Conway, J.P.; George Matthews, Noble Graham, David Graham, Henry Stubbs, George Weir, Surgeon General Thomas Teevan.

QUIET IN MONAGHAN.

On July 7 Justice Andrews sat in the crown court, Monaghan, and commenced the business of the assizes. The grand jury having been sworn, his Lordship, addressing them, said there were only three bills to go before them, which would sufficiently explain themselves. He congratulated them on the state of the county.

ACCIDENT.

While Mr. C. C. Conuor, mayor of Belfast, was stepping off an omnibus at Holborn, in London, he accidentally fell and broke his arm.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Dr. Heron, coronor, held an inquest on the body of James Cunningham, Banbridge. Deceased was in town on Sunday, and after supper went to bed in his usual health. Next morning he was called, and not answering his room was entered, and it was seen he was dead. Dr. McClelland's opinion was that apoplexy was the cause of death. Deceased was an army pensioner, having served thirteen years in India. He was 51 years old.

ACCIDENT NEAR BANBRIDGE.

While Dr. Weir was driving on a professional visit near Banbridge, he was dashed off the vehicle, and is at present suffering from severe injuries.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

The final tie of the Dublin football championship, the semi final of the hurling championship, and a hurling match between the St. Patricks, of Derry, and the St. Patricks, of Dublin, came off on Sunday week at Clonturk Park, in the presence of a large gathering of spectators. The day was beautifully fine, and all the matches were of the most brilliant and exciting description. The final tie of the football championship of Dublin was one of the best matches ever played in Dublin, resulting in favor of the Isles of the Sea by five points to three. The hurling match between the St. Patricks, of Dublin, and their namesakes, of Derry, created a large amount of interest, and though the visitors were defeated they showed themselves very neat wielders of the caman, requiring only a little more experience in order to become a really first-class hurling team. The following are the details:

There was only one fault to be found with the semi final tie of the hurling championship of Dublin, viz.: the introduction of too much roughness and heat into the contest; but as the winners were sure to get second championship medals a certain amount of allowance must be made for any little ebullition of temper. Result—Erin's Pride, 2 goals and 2 points; Faugh-a-Ballaghs, 2 points. Mr. W. Roberts refereed, while the umpires were Messrs. P. V. Muldowney and P. P. Sutton.

In the previous rounds of ties the Isles of the sea defeated the Sarsfields (Lucan), Ben Eders (Howth), Green Flags and Faugh a Ballaghs (last year's champions), while the Young Irelands succeeded in knocking out the John Mitchels (Glasthule), Dundrum Volunteers, and C. J. Kickhams, in addition to getting a bye in the third round. With such grand records as these both clubs were expected to show up in good form, and to make the match one of the best ever played in Dublin. The referee declared the Isle of the Seas the winners and the champions of Dublin by five points to three. Mr. T. Lee refereed. The umpires were Messrs. Muldowney and Kerwick. The following were the teams:

Isle of the Sea—C. Thompson, captain, D. Holland, T. Dunne, J. Hoey, F. North, P North, B North, F. Rourke, D. Whelan, K. Quinn, J. Reid, K. Fitzpatrick, W. Cannolly, P. McGrath, R. Byrne, J. Hennessy, M. Kearns, R Lalor, P. Hoare, D. Kennedy and M. Downes.

Young Irelands—J. Kennedy, captain, G. Charlemont (goal), G. Roche, B. McKenna, B. Flood, P. Heslin, P. Maher, J. Byrne, P. Flood, S. Hughes, T. Hughes, T. Murphy, C. Geraghty, P. Kelly, J. Kelly, J. Silke, O. Hogan, P. Hogan, J. Cooney, — Scully, and J. Roche.

After a few minutes central play the Dublin men assumed the offensive, and drew first blood by scoring a point, to which they quickly added a goal, several more points following this score in quick succession. During the second half the Dublin men maintained the upper hand, and eventually won by three goals and several points to a goal and a point. Referee, Mr. P. P. Sutton. The following were the teams:

St. Patrick's (Dublin)—P. Brown, captain, C. Brown, C. Curtain, T. Duignan, L. Lawlor, J. Lawlor, P. Lalor, Joe Lawlor, P. Perry, F. Perry, J. Perry, M. Niall, R Simpson, J. Drea, L. Byrne, E. Walsh, R. McMahon, and W. Foster.

St. Patrick's (Derry)—R. McGill, captain, T. McGowan ("cul baire"), P. McLaughlin, W. McLaughlin, J. McCloskey, P. Carolan, J. Mulherne, D. Bradley, F. Boyce, J. Clarke, P. Bradley, M. Crossan, J Doherty, D. McGilloway, W. McGuire, D. Heaney, J. Hampsie, F. Carolan, and T. McCloskey.

After the contest the victors were most hospitably entertained in Clonturk House by the County Dublin Committee.

The football semi final between Dunmanway and Dromtariffe was brought off at Carrigadrohid, the place selected as the most central between the two localities. It was pretty evident that the Dromtariffe team had things in their favor from the start, as it was also evident that the Dohenys were in no degree up to the high standard they had attained a year or two ago. They made some very fine rushes, but the Duhallows know a thing or two quite as well, and they succeeded in ousting their opponents by a score of one goal and two points to nil.

An immense crowd of people assembled at Dungourney to witness two very interesting matches; one in hurling and the other in football. All surrounding districts sent large contingents. Father Madigan, C C., Dungourney was present, and took great interest in the matches. The football match between Geraldines (Queenstown) and Killeagh, was well contested. When time was called the score stood, Killeagh, two points; Geraldines, one point. The final in the hurling between Cloyne and Dungourney was the next contest. When time was called the score stood, Cloyne, two goals four points; Dungourney, three goals four points.

The Bride Valley tournament was opened under the most auspicious circumstances. The clerk of the weather was in a right amiable temper during the evening, and the sun shone down on the lovely valley of the Bride, which was looking its best, and the Bride Valley at its best is one of the rare spots of the South of Ireland. Two hurling matches were discussed. The recently organized "United Nationals," who are all young hands, made a good fight against the William O'Brien's, but, of course, met defeat, while a similar fate awaited the Cloghdhuv vs. second team at the hands of the second team of the Blackrock club.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

PHADRIG CROHOORE.

BY J. S. LEFANU.

The following ballad, by Mr. J. S. Lefanu, deserves to be almost as widely known as its more famous fellow, "Shemus O'Brien." It may be fairly regarded as the Irish version of Scott's "Young Lochinvar":

Oh! Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
And he stood six feet eight;
And his arm was as round as another man's thigh—
'Tis Phadrig was great.

His hair was as black as the shadows of night,
And it hung over scars got in many a fight;
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,
And his eyes flashed like lightening from under a cloud.

He was liked by the girls, too, for he could spake civil
And sweet when he chose it. Och! he was the devil.
And there wasn't a girl from thirty-five under,
Devil a matter how cross but he could come round her;

But of all whom he smiled on so sweetly, but one
Was the girl of his heart, and he loved her alone.
As warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure,
Was the love of the heart of young Phadrig Croboore.

He would die for a smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as a lion.

But one Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well
As he hated Crohoore, and that same was like hell;
And O'Brien liked him, for they were all the same parties,
The O'Hanlons, O'Brien's O'Byans, McCarthies;
And tney all went together in hating Crohoore,
For many's the bating he gave them before.
So O'Hanlon makes up to O Brien, and says he:
"I'll marry your doughter if you'll give her to me."

So the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on
The company assembled, three hundred if one;
The O'Hanlons, of course, turned out strong on that day,
And the pipers and fiddlers were tearing away;

* * * * * * *

With the piping, and fiddling, and roaring like thunder,
Faith, you'd think your head fairly was splitting asunder;
And the priest shouted "Silence, ye babblers, again,
And he took up his prayer book and was going to begin,
And they all held their funning, and jigging, and bawling,
So silent, you'd notice the smallest pin falling;
And the priest was beginning to read, when the door
Was flung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.

As he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
As a dark cloud moves on through the stars in the sky,
None dared to oppose him, for Phadrig was great,
Till he stood, all alone, just in front of the seat
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,
Were seated together, the two side by side,
He looked on Kathleen till her poor heart near broke,
Then he turned to her father, O'Brien, and spoke,
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,
And his eyes flashed like lightning from under a cloud:

"I did not come here, like a tame, crawling mouse,
I stand, like a man, in my enemy's house.
In the field, on the road, Phadrig never knew fear
Of his foemen, and God knows he scorns it here,
I ask but your leave, for three minutes or four,
To speak to that girl whom I ne'er may see more."
Then he terned to Kathleen, and his voice changed its tone,
For he thought of the day when he called her his own,
And said he, "Kathleen bawn, is it true, what I hear—
Is this match your free choice, without threat-'ning or fear!
If so, say the word, and I'll turn and depart,
Cheated once, but once only, by woman's false heart."

Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl quite dumb;
She tried hard to speak, but the words wouldn't come,
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there forninst her,
Struck cold on her heart, like the night wind in winter,
And the tears in her blue eyes were trembling to flow,
And her cheeks were as pale as the moonbeams on snow.
Then the heart of bold Phadrig swelled high in its place,
For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face,
That though strangers and foemen their pledged hands might sever,
Her heart was still his, and his only, for ever.

Then he lifted his voice, like the eagle's hoarse call,
And cried out, "She's mine yet, in spite of ye all."
But up jumped O'Hanlon, and a tall chap was he,
And he gazed on bold Phadrig, as fierce as could be,
And says he, "By my fathers, before you go out,
Bold Phadrig Crohoore, you must stand for a bout."
Then Phadrig made answer, saying, "I'll do my endeavor,
And with one blow he stretched out O'Hanlon for ever.
Then he caught up his Kathleen, and rushed to the door,
He leaped on his horse, and he swung her before.
And they all were so bothered that not a man stirred
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard.
Then up they all started, like bees in a swarm,
And they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm;
And rar, and they jumped, and they shouted galore;
But Phadrig or Kathleen they never saw more.

But those days are gone by, and his, too, are o'er,
And the grass is growing over the grave of Croboore.
For he wouldn't be aisy or quiet at all;
As he lived a brave boy he resolved so to fall,
So he took a good pike—for Phadrig was great—
And he died for old Ireland in the year Ninety-eight.

—*United Ireland.*

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "War path and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*]

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

CAPT BOURKE'S CRITICISM.

[*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.*]

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

* * * * * *

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians" in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 480 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

BEATRICE.

Dante, sole standing on the heavenward height,
Beheld and heard one saying: "Behold I me well.
I am, I am Beatrice." Heaven and hell
Kept silence, and the illimitable light
Of all the stars was darkness in his sight,
Whose eyes beheld her eyes again, and fell
Shame stricken. Since her soul took flight to dwell
In heaven six hundred years have taken flight.

And now that heavenliest part of earth whereon
Shines yet their shadow as once their presence shone,
To her bears witness for his sake, as he
For hers bare witness when her face was gone;
No slave, no hospice now for grief; but free
From shore to mountain and from Alp to sea.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne in Athenæum.

THE CATACOMBS.

The 8th of November, 1873, must forever remain memorable in the record of my life. It was the last day on which visitors were permitted to descend into the catacombs of Paris, and I had with great difficulty procured permission from the chief engineer for a small party, consisting of three gentlemen and three ladies (all English), a professional guide and myself to make the subterranean pilgrimage. To my companions I have stated word for word what I am about to write, and they are ready, if my narrative is challenged, to verify those portions of which they are cognizant by affidavit or otherwise.

I shall now proceed to relate what happened, without attempting any embellishment, letting the plain facts speak for themselves. And, first, it is necessary to dwell for one moment on a little incident which has an important bearing, as will be seen hereafter. A few days before I had seen a little old woman feeding the English sparrows in the Tuileries garden. She broke up a loaf of bread, threw the crumbs into the air, and the timid things caught them flying, as they do insects. They were so tame they would eat out of the good woman's hand. She was very poor, worked at some place far away to the north of the Tuileries, and lodges far to the south; yet she never fails to visit the gardens, and spare a loaf of her daily bread to her feathered pets.

Now I had planned a visit to the gardens on Nov. 8 to try my hand at the birds, and had provided myself with two small loaves of bread, for which I gave ten centimes. I calculated that I should have time enough to do this before the carriages came to drive us to the Catacombs. Various matters, however, delayed me, and I had to give up this part of the programme, but I kept the bread in the pocket of my overcoat, meaning to bestow it on some beggar instead of the sparrows.

We started at 12:30 from the Grand hotel, and drove rapidly to the Barriere d'Enfer and alighted in a courtyard, where we found two or three hundred persons waiting for the opening of the low browed door which gives access to the catacombs in that quarter of the city. There are about seventy different staircases for the same purpose scattered through Paris. Here each person was provided with a candle fixed in the end of a pine stick, with a small circle of cardboard to serve as a tray and catch the drops of grease. Each guide formed his party into single file, and enjoined the members to keep together, and to be very careful of their footing as they went down into the dark depths below.

Now here occurred the first strange incident of this memorable day. A man joined our party wearing the dress of the Undertakers' company—that is, a cocked hat like the first Napoleon's, a black coat trimmed with silver lace, high boots and a black overcoat with a large cape. He was very thin, and his clothes hung about him like a shroud on a skeleton.

I shall never forget his face as he turned and looked at me. The skin was like parchment, the cheeks hollow and the eyes luminous and deep set in cavernous orbits. The look he gave me thrilled to the very marrow of my bones, and when he saw the effect it produced he smiled, disclosing a set of yellow teeth, with an expression so sinister, so weird, so fatal, and yet so sad, that I could not help saying to myself, "This is Death!"

I was so overcome that I could not challenge his assumed right of joining our party. In a word, he had completely magnetized and paralyzed me. What was strange, from time to time a lady of our party turned and chatted with me, apparently unconscious of the black figure and terrible face intruded between us.

And again, when the guide counted us aloud he called out five—the number of our original party. He, too, was then as unconscious of the presence of the stranger as the lady to whom I have alluded. Was I mad? In this perturbed state of mind I began the descent of the catacombs.

The stone staircase was spiral, coiling down like a petrified serpent, along walls slimy and humid. We had lighted our candles, but the change from the glare of daylight to this cavernous gloom prevented our seeing anything, and we had to grope our perilous way. Suddenly an icy whisper, wafted on a poisonous breath, entered my ear like a poniard.

"Strange things have happened in the catacombs, sir. The dead resent intrusion on the last resting place given them after the world has violated their first sanctuary. Sometimes they insist on the living sharing their hard bed with them. Some men who have come down here have never seen the pleasant light of day again."

"I believe, sir," I replied, in as indifferent a tone as I could assume, "that owing to the precautions of the authorities no such accidents have occurred of late years."

"I am glad you think so," was the reply, followed by a sneering, Mephistophelian laugh—what the French call ricanement.

A dead silence fell upon our party. We were walking steadily onward, sometimes walking on loose planks, our weights sending up jets of water, but generally on a dry and solid stone pathway.

The guide held up his flaring torch to the low ceiling.

"Observe," he said, "that broad, black line, with here and there a pointed arrow. That is the clew to the catacombs. So long as we follow that we are safe."

We soon came upon the relics of the dead. The galleries through which we passed, about nine feet in height, were walled on either side with human bones, piled up as regularly as bales in a wholesale draper's, and arranged with that artistic taste which the French display in all they do.

The walls of bones were surmounted by a ghastly cornice of grinning skulls. The mortal remains of millions of human beings were here gathered from the old cemeteries of Paris when necessity compelled the dead to give way to the living.

The Cemetery of the Innocents, that of St. Medaro, of St. Laurent and others have contributed their quota. Here the bone of prelate and prince, duke and peer, lay side by side with those of peasant and proletarian, thief and rag picker. Equality and fraternity! These words were fully realized in this gloomy mausoleum.

All the skulls and bones are of a dark mahogany color, for years and years have passed since they were clothed with flesh.

At intervals there are marble tablets, with inscriptions in Latin, French, Greek, Norse and other languages, gathered from the works of preachers and poets, speaking of the vanity of human pursuits, the worthlessness of wealth, the certainty of death, the hope of immortality. At one point of our pilgrimage we came to a chapel, with the altar surrounded by the silent but eloquent memorials of humanity. Miles of the dead! How emphatic the lesson this spectacle conveyed!

To the right and left innumerable galleries branched off, access being debarred by iron chains drawn across the entrances.

I had lingered a little behind my party to transcribe an inscription, the man in black keeping close to my side. He seemed to have taken me under his protection and patronage.

"I can show you something these hireling guides know nothing about," he said, "for I alone know the secrets of the Catacombs."

He lifted one of the chains which crossed the mouth of a side gallery from the staples, and moving down the passage turned and said, "Follow me!"

I have said that this mysterious being had magnetized me. I was certain of it now, for though I was anxiously desirous of following my party I could not resist his command.

He led me away down the passage, and thence into other side passages, winding and turning. I lifted my torch to the ceiling, and saw to my dismay that there were no black lines, no guiding arrows on the roof. In this crisis my will began to reassert itself.

"Take me back to my party instantly."

Instead of doing so the stranger snatched my candle from my hand, extinguished it with a breath—he carried no light himself—and flung me from him with such violence that I stumbled and fell.

As I rose to my feet I heard his voice in the distance calling out, "Strange things have happened in the Catacombs, sir. Find your way out of them if you can. Good-night."

"Stay!" I exclaimed in agony. "Do not leave me here to perish! Save me, if you have the heart of a man!"

"I never listen to prayer or appeal," he replied, with his hideous, sneering laugh. "I am pitiless as death."

And the echoes gave back the awful word—death! till a more dreadful scene followed.

I was alone in darkness, abandoned to the most horrible fate the imagination can picture.

What was to be done? What could be done in such a terrible crisis? My party would miss me, it is true, and a search would be made for me; but a regiment of men might seek for days in this maze of labyrinthine galleries without success. I must try and help myself. I remembered that I had in my pocket two boxes of waxed matches, each one of which would burn ten or twenty seconds. I lighted one, and by its feeble light ascertained where I was. I was in one of the galleries of the quarries, and just beside me yawned a black abyss of unknown depth, into which a single unwary step might have precipitated me.

By keeping close to the wall I could avoid this and similar pitfalls.

So I groped my way along. The passage wound and turned. The horror of darkness was so great that I sacrificed another match; but it would not do to be so lavish. To describe my sensations would be utterly impossible. My brain reeled, and I was on the very verge of madness, if not past it, when I realized the fact that I was lost in the Catacombs.

But a few hours since I was in the full enjoyment of health and life, sharing the gayeties of Paris, anticipating no evil, and now to die of starvation in this horrible cavern! I thought of home and its dear ones, my comfortable house in Bedford square, my peaceful occupation there, my books, my easel, my photographic apparatus.

Why did the spirit of adventure tempt me away from all the blessings that Providence vouchsafed to me, to wander in foreign lands? Then my whole life passed in review before me, with its many vicissitudes, its sins of omission and commission, and the faces of the loved and lost came to me with the smiles and tears of the olden time.

After hours of fruitless wandering I sat down exhausted and hopeless. I was almost surprised to find myself hungry. Then I remembered the bread I had provided for the little birds in the Tuileries garden. I took one of the small loaves and swallowed a few mouthfuls. The reader will be surprised to learn that after this I felt sleepy. I was astonished myself to find that I was nodding. So I spread my thick cloak on the floor, and wrapping myself up in it was soon fast asleep.

I cannot tell how long my slumber lasted. I woke, however, to renew my struggles at escape. I lit match after match, and called aloud for help, till my voice was utterly exhausted. Surely I must have been missed, and a search must be going on for me? Alas! alas! no one responded to my call. No footsteps but my own echoed through those dismal galleries.

But now a new craving assailed me—thirst, more cruel than hunger. Lack of water kills quicker than lack of food. I no longer thought of escaping from my living grave. My only cry was for water, water! But this want was soon supplied. The sacrifice of a few more matches revealed to me a little stream exuding from the walls. I glued my lips to it, and though the flavor was nauseous, yet never in the heat of summer had a goblet of iced champagne been more delicious to my palate!

How long a time I passed in my dismal prison house it is impossible to say. Days, nights—who can measure them under such circumstances? Finally I had exhausted my last crumb, and starvation stared me in my face. How could I now sustain life? Oddly enough I just then remembered the legend of the Beaumanoir arms.

Beaumanoir was a gallant French character of the olden time, who, single handed, contended with a score of English knights. Covered with wounds, he asked his squire for water, but water was not to be had. "Drink thy blood Beaumanoir!" was the reply of the squire, and "Boire ton sang, Beaumanoir," became afterward the motto of the family. Before I died I could open a vein with my knife, and imitate the example of the gallant Paladin.

But first I would make a desperate attempt to find an outlet. Every match had now been burned, and I had to work in utter darkness. Frenzied and desperate, I rushed from gallery to gallery, leaping the chains where they impeded my progress. At last I thought I encountered a current of fresh air. I seized what I conjectured to be a thigh bone projecting from a pile of them and gave it a wrench.

In an instant a mass of bones and skulls gave way, and rolled down on me in a thundering avalanche, while a voice exclaimed, "The intruder who invades the sanctuary of the dead shall perish by the dead!"

The horror of the catastrophe overwhelmed me, and I lost my consciousness. When I recovered I was lying in my bed in the Grand hotel, with the sun shining on the glass gallery opposite my window. There was a tap at my door. I sprang up, opened it and admitted my traveling companion.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "how did you sleep after our visit to the Catacombs yesterday?"

"Yesterday?" I echoed.

"Yes. I had the nightmare."

"But how did I escape?" I asked.

"Escape? What do you mean by escaping? You rode home in the carriage with me and the ladies."

"But that undertaker who thrust himself into our party?"

"There was no undertaker, my boy. You must have been dreaming."

"Not at all, unless I was dreaming wide awake."

"People sometimes do that."

"You did not observe anything queer about me in the Catacombs?"

"Not at all. I thought you were unusually lively and wide awake."

Then I told him my story as I have related it.

He shook his head.

"Queer things have happened in the Catacombs, sir," he said, "to quote the words of your mysterious friend, philosopher and guide. But I wouldn't advise you to let your fancies run away with you, for there is a place near Paris called Charenton—a madhouse—and when a fellow gets too queer in his upper story his friends feel obliged to pack him in a straitjacket, and send him down there for medical treatment. Don't impose the unpleasant task on me. And now come and breakfast with us at the Cafe Anglais."

This is the way in which the strangest occurrences of life are treated by our matter-of-fact friends. For my part I shall always insist that my visit to the Catacombs was one of the "Mysteries of Paris," whatever others may say about my laboring under an hallucination.—New York World.

Writing with Both Hands.

Owing to the popularity of typewriters penmanship is becoming a lost accomplishment among business men; but one gentleman of this city writes letters with both hands at once. He is E. C. Cockey, of the Western Union building, and he consented to show a reporter how to make a manifold machine of himself.

"After endless practice," he said, "I at last found that I was capable of writing with both hands at once, and in this way I have done considerable writing of a business nature. Of late years, however, all my writing has been done by dictation to a stenographer."

Mr. Cockey drew a pad from a drawer in his desk, and taking a lead pencil in each hand he wrote the reporter's name toward the left with the left hand, and toward the right with the right hand.

"This is one way of writing it," said Mr. Cockey, "but perhaps you would like to see it written this way," and he wrote the name upside down with both hands. Finally he wrote a long sentence simultaneously with both hands.—New York World.

The Champion Onion Eater.

George Thompson, of New York, is very fond of onions, and would rather have an onion any time than an orange. He recently ate thirty large onions in half an hour. He ate neither salt nor pepper with them, nor did he shed a tear over them. Mr. Thompson thinks that his capacity for onions would be about sixty.—New York Journal.

One of Horace Greeley's nephews is a barber in a little town in Warren county, Pa. In personal appearance he is not unlike his distinguished uncle. He thinks Horace might also have become a great barber if he had not got switched off in another direction when he was young and immature.

FLOWERS OF THE WEST.

THEY ARE NOTED FOR THEIR BRILLIANCY OF COLORING.

A Wealth of Blossom and Bloom That Must Be Seen to Be Appreciated. Though Different from Flowers in the East They Have Many Points in Common

If the flowers of the Rocky mountain region are noted for one thing more than another it is for brilliancy of coloring. It is always a positive red or yellow or pink, with very little of the delicate half tints and gradations seen in the flora of the Atlantic slope. Then, too, the flowers of the west bloom in such lavish profusion. The plains and slopes blaze with immense patches of color for miles and miles. Perhaps some of the blossoms are not so sweet scented as are many of our eastern favorites, but what these western flowers lack in sweetness they make up in brilliancy.

It is not always easy to trace out the genus of any particular plant, for the reason that this elevated region has not yet been thoroughly explored by the botanist, and we have no one book to which we can point as authority like Gray's Manual for the eastern states and Chapman's for the southern. But it is generally possible to determine the alliances and place each plant in its proper family.

SIMILAR POPULAR PLANTS.

Thus we recognize the beautiful white and purple iris, even though it is not like any iris with which we are already acquainted. And we know the large, handsome, white bloomed evening primrose from its resemblance to our familiar eastern yellow species, and feel safe in calling this western one an œnothera. What the people on the plains of Wyoming call bluebell is described in Gray as "lungwort." It is a dainty little blue flowered member of the boraginaceæ or forget-me-not tribe; its botanical name is pulmonaria or mertensia. This is exceedingly fragrant. It is found in some places as far east as Virginia.

But west of the Wasatch range two other flowers are called, in popular language, the bluebell, although neither is a true campanula any more than the lungwort is. One of these so called bluebells is a veritable hyacinth, only the blossoms are arranged in an umbel, like a geranium. The other bluebell is probably a salvia or sage—at least it is a real labiate plant. It is tall and handsome, and in general aspect resembles our "great blue lobelia."

The legummasæ, or pea family, is well represented. I counted eight distinct species belonging to this order. All are called, indifferently, "wild sweet pea," although from the shape of the leaves of seven one might conclude that these were more nearly allied to the glycine or wistaria. The yellow flowered species, from its smooth, pale green foliage, may be a true lathyrus. The others comprise one white, two blue, two pink and two crimson. Some of these grow but a few inches above the surface of the plain, while the taller ones cling to the rocks and bushes on the mountain side.

The compositæ, or compound flowered plants, are also well represented. A curious little daisy or chamomile has five broad white petals. A pretty pale blue aster or erigeron recalls our own autumnal flora. A tall, handsome yellow flowered plant is very similar to our own hawkweed. There is but one species of pixie, or pyxidanthera, mentioned in Gray. This is pink flowered and belongs to the "Jersey pine barrens." But here on the plains may be found a white pixie. This belongs to the polemonaecæ or phlox family. This order is well represented in the west. The Wasatch mountain range is rich in a delicate pink species of phlox. The people here call it wild sweet William, just as the people of Nebraska do the purple species, although the real sweet William is a dianthus or pink.

SOME BRIGHT ONES.

A deep crimson flowered umbelliferous plant is undoubtedly a member of the liliaceæ, or lily family. The plant is low, the blossoms are small, but the clusters are dense. Some call it "wild onion"—perhaps it is an allium. Another plant is said to be a lily—it may be, although it looks more like a tiger flower or a trillium. It is as large as a tulip and has three broad, rounded petals and three narrow, bladelike ones. The color is white, painted at the base of each petal with a curious spot of red and yellow. The stems and leaves are simple, straight and whitish.

Then we may notice several low plants, bearing dense, rounded clusters of tiny white blossoms, tipped with pink. Some have a sweet scent, too strong, however, to be agreeable. These suggest the vincetoxicum and amianthemum, with similar liliaceous plants of the New Jersey barrens. We also notice two distinct species of pink purple wild geraniums, more abundant, perhaps, but not quite so beautiful as our own geranium maculatum.

A curious little flower of the mallow or hibiscus order grows but a few inches in height, but it is noteworthy by reason of its petals of vivid scarlet. Then there is the handsome alyssum, or gold basket, resembling the brilliant wall flower, and like it a member of the cruciferæ or cabbage family. At this season of the year may be noticed two kinds of cactus—a yellow flowered "prickly pear," like the Jersey cactus, and a pink blossomed species whose solid green lump, taking the place of leaves, has been called the "devil's pincushion."

According to our eastern ideas it does seem very strange that such lovely wild flowers should grow so abundantly where there are no woods; where there are only a few trees, and these principally high on the mountain sides or along the banks of streams, and where there is so little of what we call thickets or underbrush. The bare, reddish and grayish plains and slopes, dotted sparsely with dull tinted sage brush, appear at a distance like the very picture of desolation. But, as hinted above, a nearer view often shows a surprising wealth of bloom. To be appreciated it must be seen.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Rufus Choate's Thoroughness.

It was on principle that Rufus Choate began the practice of law. No matter how small his fee, he did for his client everything the case required. He shrank from no labor, but did his best in preparation and in argument. He once tried a dog case before a Beverly justice of the peace in an office no larger than a cobbler's shop, and argued it with as much learning and brilliancy as if he had been before the supreme court.

"He treated the dog," said a spectator, "as though he were a lion or an elephant, and the crabbed old squire with the consideration he would have paid to the chief justice."

Even when he had become the leader of the Boston bar it was noticed that the size or character of an audience had no effect on his advocacy. Some of his most brilliant arguments were delivered when there were few to hear them; he was indifferent to an audience, but alive to the principles of the case.

One stormy night while residing at Danvers he was called up at a late hour to go several miles and draw up a will for a very sick man. He went, wrote out the will, returned home and again went to bed.

Suddenly there flashed across his mind an omission in the will that possibly might cause the testator's wishes to be misunderstood. He sprang from his bed, dressed himself rapidly, and to the inquiries of his wife answered that he had done what must be undone. He rode in the storm to the man's house, explained the reason of his return, and drew a codicil to the will which made everything sure.

It was to such conscientious thoroughness that Rufus Choate's success was due, quite as much as to his eloquence and legal learning.—Youth's Companion.

The Age of Trees.

There is no certain method of determining the age of a big tree. Estimates of age by rings can only be on trees cut down in their prime.

The largest number ever counted were in a tree felled in 1812. This had 710 distinct rings, but to these an indefinite number should be added which became obliterated. Even in young trees there does not seem to be any certainty in the evidence. In 1871 Dr. A. L. Child planted a red maple from the seed. It was cut down in 1882 and showed 40 rings. In a trial in Vermont involving a boundary question the dispute turned upon a cut on a hemlock and the length of time since it was made. A section of the tree was produced showing 40 on one side and 50 on the other.

The verdict was that rings are not a sure indication of age. It is true that the more distinct rings do approximate to the age of the tree, but there are so many sub-annual rings that such testimony is invalidated. External measurement is the best indication we have, and this is never much better than a guess. The best way is to take the ascertained growth of the first century, and then make one-third of it the average growth of every century. Thus, with 12 feet as the ascertained growth of the oak in its first century, 4 feet would be its constant growth, and we might conjecture an oak 40 feet in growth to be about 1,000 years old.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Wonderful Magnetic Egg.

Sterling Jenkins has a great curiosity in the way of an egg. The egg was found in the boxing in Capt. Wilson's kitchen, completely covered with soot and dust, and there is no telling how long it has been there—perhaps since Mr. Maddox built the house, over forty years ago. The shell of the egg is perfect, with no flat side, and it is as light as if the contents had been blown out; but when placed on a table in any position it will turn quickly to one side, as though it had a couple of ounces of lead on that side, though the weight of the egg is not sufficient to cause this.

It will not roll off a board that is wide enough for it to turn once around, and it will spin like a top by touching it with a pin perpendicularly when it is lying on a table. To lift the egg up from a table it feels at first heavier than a fresh egg and produces a pulling sensation, like taking a piece of steel from a magnet, but when it is lifted a foot above the table there appears to be nothing but an empty shell, which shows it has a magnetic attraction. Another peculiarity of the egg is the fact that if you hold it in one hand and a piece of metal in the other a tingling sensation will be produced in the arms like that caused by a light shock from an electric battery.—Buena Vista (Ga.) Patriot.

Cub and Kitten.

There is a 7 months lion cub at the gardens that is being raised with a black cat. The cub is very much attached to pussy. They play and frolic together every morning, and before any visitors come they are let out for a romp in the grounds. Pussy bounds off for the woods, the cub following at breakneck speed. Pussy runs up a tree after a bird, and that dumfounds the cub. He takes it philosophically, however, and lies down at the foot of the tree watching her. When the keeper goes to get them he pounds the tree with a club and down comes pussy and runs for the carnivora, followed by the cub. A few days ago a beautiful white rabbit got out while the cub was playing round the stone floor of the carnivora. The cub gave chase, and the stupid rabbit of course stopped right in the cub's paws. "I expected to see the cub tear the pretty long eared thing to pieces," remarked Sol Stephens, "but no, he only smelled of it, pawed its long ears and played with it, much as a cat does a mouse, letting it hop a few steps and then bounding after it." The rabbit was at last rescued.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Mightier Than He.

The Belle—Why, colonel, to whom are you making that elaborate salute?

The Major—To the butter. It outranks me.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Irishman seeing a Chinaman reading a Chinese book backward, as is their custom, exclaimed: "Johnny, are ye left handed or only cross eyed?"

American Enterprise in Africa.

The example of the United States in recognizing the flag of the International Association, now the Independent State of Congo, was followed by all the powers of Europe, and under this name, with the assent of the Belgian government, it entered into the family of nations, and its illustrious founder is carrying on effectively a model government in the interests of civilization and freedom. Several Belgian companies have been organized and are developing its resources, the principal one of which is a railroad company with $5,000,000 capital, now engaged in building a railroad around the cataracts, a distance of about 260 miles, from Matadi to Stanley Pool.

As the American flag, borne by Stanley, was the first one displayed to the natives in his voyage of exploration down that river, so the American flag was the first displayed on the waters of the Upper Congo, leading the vanguard of commerce. The Sanford exploring expedition, organized the 28th of June, 1886, launched the Florida, the first commercial steamer on the waters of the Congo, after a year of laborious effort in transporting it, mostly in sixty pound parcels, on the heads of some two thousand porters. This was followed by the little steamer New York, and at the expiration of its term of two and a half years was taken over by the "Belgian Company of Commerce on the Upper Congo." On the 9th of July, 1887, was formed the Belgian Company of Commerce and Industry, which is the parent, so to say, of the five or six Belgian Congo companies, all successfully working there. To show the growing popularity of Congo enterprises, held in such disfavor when the Sanford exploring expedition was formed that only one-third of its little capital of 800,000 francs could be obtained from Belgians, it may be stated that at a recent increase of capital of the Haut Congo company to 3,000,000 francs the public subscription was covered ninefold.—Col. Henry Sanford in Forum.

Chloroforming Wild Turkeys.

Jim White owns a patch of ground near this place. The surrounding forest abounds in wild turkeys, and in the spring old Jim spends most of his time hunting their nests and occasionally capturing the birds alive. This he accomplishes in a novel manner, yet the process is much more matter of fact than sportsmanlike.

He first discovers the turkey's roosting place, and then, under cover of darkness, he fires a brush heap near the tree, which he has previously prepared, and while the turkey's attention is attracted to the flames Jim creeps up to the tree with his appliance used for making the capture. This consists of several sections of strong bamboo rods, jointed like a fishing rod, and may be extended twenty or thirty feet in length. At the top end is secured a saucer shaped vessel, over which a small bottle is fastened, neck downward. To the cork is attached a cord, which runs the entire length of the rod. The bottle is then filled with chloroform, and under cover of dark shadows Jim noiselessly elevates the drug to within a short distance of the turkey's nose. He then pulls the string, causing the cork to withdraw and allowing the drug to fall into the vessel. The fluid is at once inhaled, and the bird presently drops to the ground stupefied.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WILD GOOSE PATROL.

Herders Defending Wheat Fields from Flocks of Geese and Ducks.

"It may sound funny to people in the east to be told that to protect the grain crops in some of the California counties from wild ducks and geese the farmers have to employ a large force of what are known as herders to patrol the fields and shoot, club and destroy and frighten away by various means the enormous flocks of these ravenous fowl that sweep down on the young and growing grain and devour it, but such is the fact," said James E. Palen, a large grower of wheat in the Sacramento valley. "The ravaging swarms of ducks and geese begin their work of destruction early in the fall, as soon as the wheat begins to sprout. The fowl invade the country along the rivers, but they do not tarry there an hour after the rains have made the wheat plains habitable for them.

"I have seen a tract of seventy-five acres in Colusa county absolutely covered with wild geese, so densely packed as to resemble pictures I have seen of seabird rookeries on some ocean rock. When they first come they wax fat on the wheat stubble, and are juicy and sweet flavored for the table, but when the young winter wheat appears they work on the green sprouts. This has the effect of making their flesh rank, and no one in any of the wild goose ridden districts will eat of these fowls then. They are shipped by the thousand, all the same, to San Francisco and other markets all winter long, where the people seem to think the green wheat fed birds are a delicacy. But if the markets could take ten times as many as they do the number would be small compared with the thousands and thousands of the destructive fowls that are killed and left lying on the ground.

"Tolo county, where I live, especially in its northern part, I once thought could beat all creation as a feeding place for wild geese, for I have seen these flocks so thick in the air, going to and from their favorite pasture, that only few-and-far-between glimpses of the sky could be obtained for an hour at a time. But when I went into Colusa county I made up my mind that I had never seen wild geese enough before to speak of. There is a large expanse of barren plain in that county which affords an unrivaled place of rendezvous for both geese and ducks, and I have seen those barrens when I thought that all the wild geese that went forth to all parts of the land, near and remote, must surely have their starting place on the Colusa county barrens. They may be seen rising up from the plains in swarms like the locusts of Egypt, and going forth in all directions to prey on the farmers. They remain all winter long, and the wheat the farmers cut in the harvest they have had to fight the geese and ducks for months to retain.

"There are many large wheat ranches in these two counties, such as the Glenn ranch, the Bogg and others. From twelve to twenty-five herders are employed by each of the big ranches to patrol the wheat fields and wage continual warfare against the geese and ducks. These herders live in cabins scattered about the ranches, and tramp about the fields from daylight until dark, and long after night, too, if the moon is shining, for both geese and ducks feed on the wheat fields at night if it is moonlight. Ducks are more troublesome than geese at night, and it was discovered accidentally a few years ago that a light in a field would frighten them away. Lanterns were placed in large numbers among the wheat, and for a long time the fowl were so shy of the bright lights that the farmers were benefited. At last, however, the ducks became used to the lanterns, and grew so bold as to feed by their light.

"The small farmers in the wheat district, being unable to individually employ herders, have combined in a sort of mutual herding association, and pay for patrol protection out of a common fund, many of the farmers doing herding duty themselves."—New York Sun.

A Brave Little Yankee.

During the revolution a party of Connecticut troops were captured on Long Island, one of whom was a fifer boy much undersized, though full of fire and very strong for his inches. His commanding officer being summoned to the presence of the British general, the boy followed. "Who are you?" said the general. The boy replied, "I am one of King Hancock's men." "Can you fight?" asked the general. "Yes, sir; I can," said the boy.

The general called up one of his own fifers and said, "Dare you fight him?" "Yes, sir," answered the little Yankee. The general then told the fifer to strip and give battle, which he did forthwith. The fight ended in victory for the small son of Connecticut. Indeed, the little Briton was so badly damaged that it was deemed best to interfere, lest the Yankee boy should demolish him entirely.

The English officer rewarded the little fellow's valor and resolution by giving him his liberty, and he lost no time in making his way to the land of steady habits, where his exploit was duly chronicled in the local newspaper.—Youth's Companion.

Who Are the Cretins?

They are a class of the unfortunates, unable to walk, usually deaf and dumb, and practically blind. This degeneration of body and mind is occasioned by poverty, impure air, filth, intermarriage of relatives and intemperance. Though found in other portions of the earth, Cretins are very numerous in central and southern Europe. In several of the Swiss cantons they are said to form from 4 to 5 per cent. of the population. In Rhenish Prussia and in the Danubian provinces of Austria the number is still greater; in Syria many villages of four or five thousand inhabitants not having a single man capable of bearing arms. In Wurtemberg and Bavaria, in Savoy, Sardinia, the Alpine regions of France and the mountainous district of Spain the disease is very prevalent.—J. N. Hallock in Christian at Work.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Porto, Portugal.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

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on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Bunsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 133 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 25th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Cleary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 389 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilsauer, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Volz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 34th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Beidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 245 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 3 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 282 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierondi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquen, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesly, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

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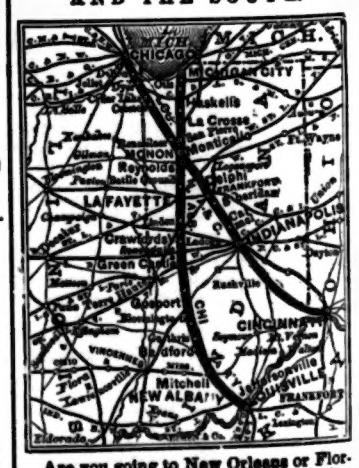

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